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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SPAIN.

Murray's Home and Colonial Library, No. XXXIX.: Gatherings from Spain. Part I. By Richard Ford.

THE author of the excellent *Handbook of Spain* (so replete with every kind of information respecting that country as to deserve a far more dignified and imposing name) has here condescended to throw a quantum of its popular intelligence into a popular separate form, and so give it to the reading public on general merits rather than on specific grounds as a guide-book for travellers. And he has acquitted himself of his purpose in a most agreeable manner, touching on all the leading topics which present a satisfactory view of Spain (as scattered over his preceding work), and adding thereto so much of novelty as greatly to improve its completeness and be applicable to the present day. Simply to exemplify this we shall detach a few passages from the publication:

"To boast of Spain's strength, said the Duke of Wellington, is the national weakness. Every infinitesimal particle which constitutes *nosotros*, or ourselves, as Spaniards term themselves, will talk of his country as if the armies were still led to victory by the mighty Charles V., or the councils managed by Philip II. instead of Louis-Philippe. Fortunate, indeed, was it, according to a Castilian preacher, that the Pyrenees concealed Spain when the Wicked One tempted the Son of Man by an offer of all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. This, indeed, was predicated in the medieval or dark ages, but few peninsular congregations, even in these enlightened times, would dispute the inference. It was but the other day that a foreigner was relating in a *tertulia*, or conversazione of Madrid, the well-known anecdote of Adam's revisit to the earth. The narrator explained how our first father, on lighting in Italy, was perplexed and taken aback; how, on crossing the Alps into Germany, he found nothing that he could understand; how matters got darker and stranger at Paris, until, on his reaching England, he was altogether lost, confounded, and abroad, being unable to make out any thing. Spain was his next point; where, to his infinite satisfaction, he found himself quite at home, so little bad things changed since his absence, or, indeed, since the sun at its creation first shone over Toledo. The story concluded, a distinguished Spaniard who was present, hurt, perhaps, at the somewhat protestant-dissenting tone of the speaker, gravely remarked, the rest of the party coinciding,—*Si, señor, y tenía razón; la España es paradiso*—'Adam, sir, was right; for Spain is paradise'—and in many respects this worthy, zealous, gentleman was not wrong, although it is affirmed by some of his countrymen that some portions of it are inhabited by persons not totally exempt from original sin; thus the Valencians will say of their ravishing *huerta*, or garden, *Es un paradiso habitado por demonios*: 'It is an Eden peopled by subjects of his satanic majesty.' Again; according to the natives, Murcia, a land overflowing with milk and honey, where Flora and Pomona dispute the prize with Ceres and Bacchus, possesses a *cielo y suelo bueno, el entresuelo malo*—has 'a sky and soil that are good, while all between is indifferent'; which the *entresuelo* occupant must settle to his liking. Another little anecdote, like a straw thrown up in the air, will point out the direction in which the wind blows. Monsieur Thiers, the great historical romance writer, in his recent hand-gallop tour through the Peninsula, passed a

Enlarged 50.]

few days only at Madrid; his mind being, as logicians would say, of a *subjective* rather than an *objective* turn, that is, disposed rather to the consideration of the *ego*, and to things relating to self, than to those that do not, he scarcely looked more at any thing there, than he did during his similar run through London: 'Behold,' said the Spaniards, 'that little *gabacho*; he dares not remain, nor raise his eyes from the ground in this land, whose vast superiority wounds his personal and national vanity.' There is nothing new in this. The old Castilian has an older saying:—*Si Dios no fuese Dios, sería rey de las Españas, y el de Francia su cocinero*—'If God were not God, he would make himself king of the Spains, with him of France for his cook.' Lope de Vega, without derogating one jot from these paradisaical pretensions, used him of England better. His sonnet on the romantic trip to Madrid ran thus:

'Carlos Stuardo soy,
Que siendo amor mi guía,
Al cielo de España voy,
Por ver mi estrella María.'

'I am Charles Stuart, who, with love for my guide, hasten to the heaven Spain to see my star Mary.' The Virgin, it must be remembered, after whom this infanta was named, is held by every Spaniard to be the brightest luminary and the sole empress of heaven."

The epithet *gabacho*, used in the foregoing extract, and "which is the most offensive vituperative of the Spaniard against the Frenchman, and has by some been thought to mean 'those who dwell on Gaves,' is the Arabic *cabach*, detestable, filthy, or 'qui prava indole est, moribusque.' In fact, the real meaning cannot be further alluded to, beyond referring to the clever tale of *El Francés y Español* by Quevedo. The antipathy to the Gaul is natural and national, and dates far beyond history. This nickname was first given in the eighth century, when Charlemagne, the Bonaparte of his day, invaded Spain, on the abdication and cession of the crown by the chaste Alonzo, the prototype of the wittol Charles IV.; then the Spanish Moors and Christians, foes and friends, forgot their hatreds of creeds in the greater loathing for the abhorred intruder, whose 'peerage fell' in the memorable passes of Roncesvalles. The true derivation of the word *gabacho*, which now resounds from these Pyrenees to the Straits, is blinked in the royal academical dictionary; such was the servile adulation of the members to their French patron, Philip V. *Mueran los gabachos*, 'Death to the miscreants,' was the rally cry of Spain after the inhuman butcheries of the terrorist Murat; nor have the echoes died away; a spark may kindle the prepared mine: of what an unspeakable value is a national war-cry, which at once gives to a whole people a shibboleth, a rallying watch-word to a common cause! *Vox populi vox Dei*."

Having shewn the meaning of one word in a language, we may as well explain another, which has recently been adopted to describe a horrible infliction of human sufferings:

"*Razzia* is derived from the Arabic *al ghazia*, a word which expresses these raids of a ferocious, barbarous age. It has been introduced to European dictionaries by the *Pelissiers*, who thus civilise Algeria. They make a solitude, and call it peace."

Mr. Henderson being now in Madrid negotiating about the debt of Spain, it is of some considerable interest to hear what so competent a person as the author says on that subject, and the finances of the kingdom:

"For the benefit and information of those who have purchased Iberian stock, it may be stated that an Exchange, or Bolsa de Comercio, was established at Madrid in 1831. It may be called the coldest spot in the hot capital, and the *iddest*, since the usual 'city article' is short and sweet, '*sin operaciones*,' or nothing has been bought or sold. It might be likened to a tomb, with 'Here lies Spanish credit' for its epitaph. If there be a thing which '*La perle Albion*,' a nation of shopkeepers, dislikes worse even than a French assignat, it is a bankrupt. One circumstance is clear, that Castilian *pundonor*, or point of honour, will rather settle its debts with cold iron and warm abuse, than with gold and thanks. The Exchange at Madrid was first held at St. Martin's, a saint who divided his cloak with a suppliant. As comparisons are odious, and bad examples catching, it has been recently removed to the Calle del Desengano, the street of 'finding out fallacious hopes'; a locality which the bitten will not deem ill-chosen. As all men in power use their official knowledge in taking advantage of the turn of the market, the Bolsa divides with the court and army the moving influence of every *situacion* or crisis of the moment: clever as are the ministers of Paris, they are mere tyros when compared to their colleagues of Madrid, in the arts of working the telegraph, gazette, &c., and thereby feathering their own nests. The Stock Exchange is open from ten to three o'clock, where those who like Spanish funds may buy them as cheap as stinking mackerel; for when the three per cents of perfidious Albion are at 98, surely Spanish fives at 22 are a tempting investment. The stocks are numerous, and suited to all tastes and pockets, whether those funded by Aguado, Ardouin, Toreno, Mendizabel, or Mon, 'all honourable men,' and whose punctuality is *un-remitting*: for in some the principal is consolidated, in others the interest is deferred; the grand financial object in all having been to receive as much as possible, and pay back in an inverse ratio; their leading principle being to bag both principal and interest. As we have just said, in measuring out money and oil a little will stick to the cleanest fingers; the Madrid ministers and contractors made fortunes, and actually 'did' the Hebrews of London, as their forefathers spoiled the Egyptians. But from Phillip II. downwards, theologians have never been wanting in Spain to prove the religious, however painful, duty of bankruptcy, and particularly in contracts with usurious heretics. The stranger, when shewn over the Madrid bank, had better evince no impertinent curiosity to see the 'Dividend pay office,' as it might give offence. What-ever be our dear reader's pursuit in the Peninsula, let him

'Neither a borrower nor lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend.'

Beware of Spanish stock; for in spite of official reports, documents, and arithmetical mazes, which, intricate as an arabesque pattern, look well on paper without being intelligible; in spite of ingenious conversions, fundings of interest, coupons—some active, some passive, and other repudiatory terms and tenses, the present excepted—the thimble-rig is always the same: and this is the question; since national credit depends on national good faith and surplus income, how can a country pay interest on debts, whose revenues have long been, and now are, miserably insufficient for the ordinary expenses of government? You cannot get blood from a stone; *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Mr. Macgregor's report on Spain, a truthful exposition of commercial ignorance, habitual disregard of treaties, and viola-

tion of contracts, describes her public securities, past and present. Certainly they had very imposing names and titles—*Juros bonos, Vales reales, Titulos, &c.*—much more royal, grand, and poetical than our prosaic *Consols*; but no oaths can attach real value to dishonoured and good-for-nothing paper. According to some financiers, the public debts of Spain, previously to 1808, amounted to 83,763,966*l.*, which have since been increased to 279,083,089*l.*, farthings omitted; for we like to be accurate. This possibly may be exaggerated; for the government will give no information as to its own peculation and mismanagement: according to Mr. Henderson, 78,649,675*l.* of this debt is due to English creditors alone; and we wish they may get it, when he gets to Madrid. In the time of James I. Mr. Howell was sent there on much such an errand; and when he left it, his 'pile of undressed claims was higher than himself.' At all events, Spain is over head and ears in debt, and irremediably insolvent. And yet few countries, if we regard the fertility of her soil, her golden possessions at home and abroad, her frugal temperate population, ought to have been less embarrassed; but Heaven has granted her every blessing, except a good and honest government. It is either a bully or a craven: satisfaction in twenty-four hours, *à la Bresson*, or a line-of-battle ship off Malaga—Cromwell's receipt—is the only argument which these semi-Moors understand: conciliatory language is held to be weakness; you may obtain at once from their fears what never will be granted by their sense of justice."

On a par, as might readily be conceived from such a condition of the finances, is the *status quo* of railroads and railroad speculation.

"Recent results have fully justified during this year what was prophesied last year in the 'Hand-Book': our English agents and engineers were received with almost divine honours by the Spaniards, so incensed were they with flattery and cigars. Their shares were instantaneously subscribed for, and directors nominated, with names and titles longer even than the lines, and the smallest contributions in cash were thankfully accepted:

*L'argent dans une bourse entre agréablement;
Mais le terme venu, quand il faut le rendre,
C'est alors que les douleurs commencent à nous prendre.*

When the period for booking up, for making the first instalments, arrived, the Spanish shareholders were found somewhat wanting: they repudiated; for in the Peninsula it has long been easier to promise than to pay. Again, on the only line which seems likely to be carried out at present, that of Madrid to Aranjuez, the first step taken by them was to dismiss all English engineers and *navvies*, on the plea of encouraging native talent and industry rather than the foreigner. Many of the English home-proceedings would border on the ridiculous, were not the laugh of some speculators rather on the wrong side. The City capitalists certainly have our pity; and if their plethora of wealth required the relief of bleeding, it could not be better performed than by a Spanish *Sangrado*. How different some of the windings-up, the final reports, to the magnificent beginnings and grandiloquent prospectuses put forth as baits for John Bull, who hoped to be tossed at once, or elevated, from haberdashery to a throne, by being offered a 'potentiality of getting rich beyond the dreams of avarice!' Thus, to clench assertion by example, the London directors of the Royal Valencia Company made known by an advertisement only last July, that they merely required 240,000,000 reals to connect the seaport of Valencia—where there is none—to the capital Madrid, with 800,000 inhabitants,—there not being 200,000. One brief passage alone seemed ominous in the lucid array of prospective profit:—'The line has not yet been minutely surveyed;' this might have suggested to the noble marquis whose attractive name heads the provisional committee list, the difficulty of Sterne's traveller, of whom, when observing how much better things were managed on the Continent than in

England, the question was asked, 'Have you, sir, ever been there?'

"A still wilder scheme was broached; to connect Aviles on the Atlantic with Madrid, the Asturian Alps and the Guadarrama mountains to the contrary notwithstanding. The originator of this ingenious idea was to receive 40,000*l.* for the cession of his plan to the company, and actually did receive 25,000*l.*, which, considering the difficulties, natural and otherwise, must be considered an inadequate remuneration. Although the original and captivating prospectus stated 'that the line had been surveyed, and presented no engineering difficulties,' it was subsequently thought prudent to obtain some notion of the actual localities; and Sir Joshua Walsley was sent forth with competent assistance to spy out the land, which the Jewish practice of old was rather to do before than after serious undertakings. A sad change soon came over the spirit of the London dream by the discovery that a country which looked level as Arrow-smith's map in the prospectus, presented such trifling obstacles to the rail as sundry leagues of mountain ridges, which range from 6000 to 9000 feet high, and are covered with snow for many months of the year. This was a damper. The report of the special meeting (see 'Morning Chronicle,' Dec. 18, 1845) should be printed in letters of gold, from the quantity of that article which it will preserve to our credulous countrymen. Then and there the chairman observed, with equal *naïveté* and pathos, 'that had he known as much before as he did now, he would have been the last man to carry out a railway in Spain.' This experience cost him, he observed, 50,000*l.*, which is paying dear for a Spanish rail whistle. He might for five pounds have bought the works of Townshend and Captain Cook: our modesty prevents the naming another red book, in which these precise localities, these mighty Alps, are described by persons who had ridden, or rather soared, over them. At another meeting of another Spanish rail company, held at the London Tavern, October 20, 1846, another chairman announced 'a fact of which he was not before aware; that it was impossible to surmount the Pyrenees.' Meanwhile, the Madrid government had secured 30,000*l.* from them by way of caution money; but caution disappears from our capitalists, whenever excess of cash mounts from their pockets into their heads; loss of common sense and dollars is the natural result. But it is the fate of Spain and her things to be judged of by those who have never been there, and who feel no shame at the indecency of the nakedness of their geographical ignorance. When the blind lead the blind, beware of hillocks and ditches."

From these quotations some idea may be suggested of the value of this little book on Spanish subjects. Its account of and remarks upon the wines, both those used in home consumption and for exportation, is very good, though compressed within small compass: we can offer, however, but a half-pint specimen.

"The wines of Spain, under a latitude where a fine season is a certainty, might rival those of France, and still more those of the Rhine, where a good vintage is the exception, not the rule. Their varieties are infinite, since few districts, unless those that are very elevated, are without their local produce, the names, colours, and flavours of which are equally numerous and varied. The thirsty traveller, after a long day's ride under a burning sun, when seated quietly down to a smoking peppery dish, is enchanted with the cool draught of these *vins du pays*, which are brought fresh to him from the skins or amphora jars; he longs to transport the apparently divine nectar to his own home, and wonders that 'the trade' should have overlooked such delicious wine. Those who have tried the experiment will find a sad change for the worse come over the spirit of their dream, when the long-expected importation greets their papillary organs in London. There the illusion is dispelled; there to a cloyed fastidious taste, to

a judgment bewildered and frittered away by variety of the best vintages, how flat, stale, and unprofitable does this much-fancied beverage appear! The truth is, that its merit consists in the thirst and drinking vein of the traveller, rather than in the wine itself. Those, therefore, of our readers whose cellars are only stocked with choice Bordeaux, Xerez, and Champagne, may sustain with resignation the absence of other sorts of Spanish grape-juice. If an exception is to be made, let it be only in favour of Valdepenas and Manzanilla. The local wines may therefore be tossed off rapidly. The Navarrese drink their Peralta, the Basques their Chacolo, which is a poor *vin ordinaire*, and inferior to our good cider. The Aragonese are supplied from the vineyards of Carinena; the Catalans from those of Sidges and Benicarló; the former is a rich sweet wine, with a peculiar aromatic flavour; the latter is the well-known black strap, which is exported largely to Bordeaux to enrich clarets for our vitiated taste; and as it is rich, red, and full flavoured, much comes to England to concoct what is denominated curious old port by those who sell it. The fiery and acrid brandy which is made from this Benicarló is sent to the bay of Cadiz to the tune of 1000 butts a year to doctor up worse sherry."

Having now done all that seems requisite to recommend this particular division of Mr. Murray's *Library* to the public favour it so richly deserves, we owe it to the entire publication to throw a retrospective glance over some of the preceding numbers which we have passed by unreviewed. Among these, XXX. and XXXI., *The Marqueses*, by Hermann Melville, call for our first mention, as the mob of our contemporary periodical brethren have dwelt at much length upon the wonderful adventures and extraordinary revelations of that narrative. Its geography, natural history, and other scientific branches of discovery, as well as the marvellous doings of its author (Master Hermann Melville of ****, *****!), they have been pleased to consider to be real and authentic; and have consequently communicated all the information they could glean from them to their gaping readers, who have swallowed it as the Dutch burgomaster did the map illustrative of the voyages of Robinson Crusoe. But as we happened to fancy the name of Melville to be equivalent to that of Sinbad the Sailor, we certainly abstained from noticing this clever and entertaining production; as an apology for which, we beg Mr. Melville to accept this explanation, and do us the honour to dine with us on the 1st of April next: we intend to ask only a small party,—Messrs. Crusoe, Sinbad, Gulliver, Munchausen, and perhaps Pillet, Thiers, Kohl, and a few others.

But having dismissed this imaginative piece, we cannot close without offering our meed of genuine and cordial praise to such a series of realities and talent as is comprehended in Lord Mahon's *Conde*, Sir John Malcolm's *Persia*, Sale's *Brigade in Afghanistan*, Head's *Pampas*, Irving's *Bracebridge Hall*; Borrow's *Gipsies*; *Livonian Tales*; besides the still earlier volumes, such as Irby and Mangles' *Travels*, Hay's *Morocco*, and others to which the *Literary Gazette* has paid due respect as they issued from the press. The whole publication is most interesting, various, and instructive.

SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The Gods of the North: an Epic Poem. By Adam Ehlen-schlæger. Translated from the original Danish into English Verse by W. E. Frye. London, Pickering; Paris, Stassin and Xavier. THE account of Ehlen-schlæger's *Amleth*, in the Danish correspondence in our last two *Gazettes*, reminds us of the above work, published by Mr. Pickering (we fear) more than twelve months ago, and dedicated by permission to the King of Denmark. Major Frye's devotedness to northern literature and antiquities has been productive of other works welcome to the public generally, and yet more so to those who feel an interest in Scan-

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danian literature—a literature so intimately connected with our own in all its remote relations, that we cannot help thinking it has never been cultivated enough amongst us either for its legendary, mythological, historical, religious, philological, chronological, or poetical value. This Epic is founded on the Edda—the great source of northern intelligence in every line to which we have alluded, and is a copious and striking illustration of many of its principal features. The coincidences with the polytheism of the East, and of Greece and Rome; the identity of several of the grand principles, whether in reference to nature or the supernatural; and the consent of minor arrangements and beliefs, form a network of most curious archaeological character, from the strings and meshes of which we may draw a multitude of connexions applicable to all nations and all ages which have transmitted data to posterity. It is not for us now, however, to enter into the strange, dark recesses of Scandinavian cosmogony, but only to advert to such portions as seem most fit for our purpose in the production of the Danish bard and his English translator, observing that the remarkable event of the death of Balder has been the theme of a separate work by Ehlenschläger, a tragic opera, with choruses and trochaics in the Greek style.

Of the volume immediately before us, Major Frye writes in his preface:

"With respect to this poem and its author, it has been observed by a modern Danish writer of some eminence: 'There have been various poetical works in all the northern languages based on the legends of the Edda; but no author has woven thereof a whole, nor has so happily and poetically embodied its genius, myths, and transformations, as Ehlenschläger in his celebrated poem, 'The Gods of the North.' To me it seems that he has combined in an eminent degree the peculiar excellences of three distinguished poets, of three distinct ages, viz. those of Hesiod in his 'Theogony,' of Ovid in his 'Metamorphoses,' and of Ariosto in his 'Orlando Furioso.' Ehlenschläger seems to possess all the inexhaustible genius, fertility of invention, playfulness, and sly but not ill-natured satire of the bard of Ferrara:

'Il grande che cantò le armi e gli amori.'

"If my translation it befits not me to speak. Like my archetype, I have adopted various metres for the different cantos, not always the same as those of the original, for I wished to take a freer scope, and not to fetter myself by an invariable adoption of the self-same metres, which would have been attended with great difficulty, inasmuch as some of them are unsuitable to the genius of the English language, which is far less laconic than the Danish. I have likewise, in a few instances, amplified my archetype, for I was determined that nothing of his should be lost; yet I trust, that even in those parts where I have most amplified, I have never departed from the meaning and spirit of the author. I can therefore never admit that my translation, though unshackled, should be termed 'a free one,' or *bearbeitung*, as the Germans express it."

The subject is thus proposed:

"Thor sets out on an adventure with Lok.
A story wonderful to hear
Recorded stands in ancient runes;
Now to my golden harp give ear,
And ponder well its mystic tunes!
The strange events which yet remain
Unravell'd of the Asar* bright,
Be mine the glory to explain,
And all their actions bring to light.

* "For all proper names the reader is requested to consult the alphabetical list preceding this poem.—Tr. A very useful and valuable accompaniment: as, for example, 'Berserk (bare sark), name given to a sort of combatants among the ancient Scandinavians, who affected peculiar ferocity, and fought with their fists and teeth, in the absence of other weapons, and in no other clothing but their shirt; hence their name. *Berserkgang* is a term used to signify a combat of life and death, and is often applied to the exploits of Thor, to denote their peculiar danger and difficulty."

Th' eternal wars, the deadly hate
Between the gods and giant race;
Of Asa-Lok the guile innate;
Alfader's wisdom; Freya's grace;
The Berserk fights of Thor the bold;
The joys of Valhall, dome sublime;
All these I sing: come, young and old,
And listen to my varied rhyme."

Thor's early adventure with the giant, in whose glove he and his companion took shelter on the heath, supposing it to be a cottage, is as amusing as it is marvellous; and then his movements in Helheim and Ugard are wonderful myths and allegories. Lok's version of the Creation may be compared with those of the author of the *Vestiges*, the Dean of York, and the geologists, represented by Lyell, Sedgwick, and Buckland.

"Let me our earliest records trace!
Before the world's creation
There was a vast and empty space;
Therein no vegetation.
Ice, snow, and fog from Niffelheim
Lay northward; south from Muspelheim
Proceeded sparks of fire,
That warmth and growth inspire.
Against the frost i' th' vast abyss
Winds from the south now came;
They mixed; then matter dropp'd, and this
One solid heap became:
Now cold 'gainst fire, and fire 'gainst cold,
Long struggled hard the palm to hold;
But fire remain'd victorious:
Thence Ymer sprang the glorious!
Him we acknowledge as the sire
Of our gigantic brood:
E'en ye our towering sire admire,
With strength immense endow'd.
At that time thy earth-shaking car
Did not exist, presumptuous Thor!"

But to this account the said Thor (as if he were an original Dean of York) has his own theory (*gy. Thor*?) to oppose:

"Let me," quoth Thor, "this history
Expound, and all its mystery!
The wondrous facts I now relate,
Than I none better knows:
Alfader gave the word; and straight
The cow Audumla rose!
She lick'd the frost from the hard mass;
Thence sprang the noble Asar race
From solid strength descended,
With warm blood ever blended.
With matter cold mix'd genial flame:
Then Bure sprang to life;
After him Bor; a giant dame
He carried off as wife:
This pair combined in high degree
Strength, beauty, grace, and symmetry;
His birth from their embraces
Each Asa proudly traces:
The Alfs and Vaner too; in fine,
Whate'er in Heimkringlas
Is found most precious, rare, and fine,
Was joined to build our race.
The finest oaks must flourish tall,
Be fell'd, and cut in faggots small,
When fuel we require
To feed the nuptial pyre.
Therefore, that first ye saw the light,
Ye giants proud, 'tis true:
Yet Bor, our ancestor, in fight
Your hero did subdue:
Ymer could not the force withstand
Of Bor; he perished by his hand;
That giant so presuming
In his own blood lay fuming.
Then down into the deep abyss
Bor Ymer's body cast;
This formed the earth's vast edifice,
His blood the ocean vast;
The mountains from his bones arise;
His brains compose the cloudy skies.
And still continue dreaming,
With constant changes teeming.
Then all around, and up, and down,
The eye-brooks thick he spread,
And lo, from these the lofty town
Of Midgard lifts its head!
The skull was next spread out, and bent
To build the heavenly firmament,
Which Freya tinged with azure,
The fav'rite hue of pleasure.

Now Bor, in haste, from Muspelheim
Took many sparks, and threw them
High 'midst the firmament sublime,
And there ye still may view them:
There still they glow with brilliant light;
There still, as they revolve, excite,
Above their heads and under
Their feet, the Asar's wonder.

New Bor and Bure fell'd two trees,
Which grew by the sea-shore;
A man and woman's form to these
Was given by mystic lore:
From the strong oak the man was made;
The fragrant rose produced the maid,
In grace and beauty shining,
All hearts to love inclining:

Askur and Embia hight: and lo,
Bure this couple led
To Midgard's city; from these two
The human race proceed:
There still they dwell and multiply,
And render to the Asar high
Their constant adoration,
With many a rich oblation.

Full well can I this hist'ry trace,
And every fact relate,
What time befel the giant race
Destruction and defeat:
Bergelmer only and his wife,
Saved on a wreck, escaped with life:
From them thy giant nation
Derives its generation.

To dwell in caverns 'neath the earth
We Asar have compell'd ye;
Why boast ye then your earlier birth,
Since thus we gods have quell'd ye?
Spite of your spells and magic song,
Ye dwell perforce these rocks among:
At night alone ye rally,
And forth on mischief sally.

As noxious herbs and weeds incline
To spread afar their roots,
Fraud, rapine, evil to enshrine,
Such are your main pursuits!
Ye think once more in arms to try
Your strength against our dynasty:
Your boasts are out of season;
Ye'll bitter rue your treason.

For not content with mischief done
To Askur's sons of earth,
Ye've dared to wreak your malice on
Upsala's sacred hearth.
Down have ye cast the temple's walls,
And this aloud for vengeance calls;
Ye've quenched the sacred fire:
Tremble for Odin's ire!"

Thus we find that so long ago as the most ancient Edda, the creation of the world was made a religious question; and the giants, *i. e.* the Sedgwicks and Bucklands of that geological period, were called severely to account for their heresies. They, however (the former giants), by some magic cantraps, produced terrible monsters and other frightful things; the prototypes, as it might seem, of the modern ichthyosaurus, iguanodon, dinotherium, mastodon, plesiosaurus, megatherium, and chimæra; *ex. gr.* one:

"His widely gaping mouth reveals
A double row of grinders long;
At every finger, 'stead of nails,
Were likewise teeth both sharp and strong."

Another:

"No furs enwrap'd this creature's skin,
But rings of horn its limbs encased;
When first call'd forth the sport to join,
It seem'd with terror sore oppress'd.
It play'd and frisk'd the guests among,
With tail so scaly, long, and thick;
Its mouth protrudes a forked tongue,
With which 'twas wont its lips to lick."

How Thor got away and safe home from these antediluvian creatures will be found in the poem, as also his visit to the giant Hymir, with whom he goes fishing, and catches a sea-serpent, so huge and tremendous that we can hardly hope to see its equal unbedded by the Thor-like hammer of Murchison,* or undredged by the deep-diving machine of Forbes.

"Lo, coil'd in folds voluminous and vast,
Behind huge beds of coral buried fast,
Far in the deepest cavern of the sea,
The Midgard serpent Jormundgardur lay!
While o'er him free and active sports the whale,
He foams, and with vexation bites his tail.
Full oft he strives to lift his frightful head
Above the wave, and terror round him spread;
But cased in bony rings and cartilage,
Vain are his efforts, impotent his rage.
Doxing amidst the sedge with half-closed eye,
Oft has the deep re-echoed with his sigh."

* From the everlasting use of his hammer, we take Thor to have been the first geologist; and if the Royal Geological Society assume arms, or an allegorical demigod protector, we trust his claim will not be forgotten.—Ed. L. G.

The dark blue bitow from his vision shields
The starry vault, the bright celestial fields:
And as the bear, when angry, licks his paws,
Thus oft he threatens, while his tail he gnaws:
Oysters and muscels thickly cluster'd deck,
In guise of beard, the seely monster's neck."

But leaving this scientific branch of the poem, we may notice that the abduction and restoration of Iduna are well described. She was an Asynia, or goddess, and the wife of Bragur. She is in this episode represented as "the guardian of the golden vase, containing the apples of immortality, the juice of which gives to the gods perpetual youth, health, and beauty. She was once carried off from Asgard by the giant Thiasse, aided by the treachery of Asa Lok; and the gods became at once old and feeble; but when Iduna was recovered, and brought back to Valhalla with her precious vase, the gods recovered all their power and advantageous attributes. This myth of Iduna's apples has its parallel in the Amreeta (drink of immortality) in the Hindoo mythology."

But we presume we have exemplified enough of the *Gods of the North* to tempt readers to make themselves more fully acquainted with them in the attractive form in which they are here presented to view. We ought not to leave it, however, without noticing that there are descriptive and imaginative parts of the most beautiful and highest order; and that they contrast finely with the wild and prodigious. We regret that our knowledge of languages does not enable us to read it in the original; but we can truly say, that we have found the translation spirited and interesting. In the twenty-third canto the author has introduced a dialogue of riddles and answers, not to be found in the Edda, but the idea borrowed from the *Herward Saga*,—an idea that would make the fortune of a ladies' pocket-book. There is a droll statement at the beginning, which might be applied to Monsieur Arago, and the Leverrier planet.

"And now the goblin began to ask
Young Skirner about the orbs of heaven;
What various names ('twas no easy task)
To the sun, and moon, and stars were given."

But we will now conclude with a few samples of the curious antique enigmas.

"*Gestur*. What is it that union and mirth inspires,
Yet oft is the cause of quarrel and strife?
Which oft the tongue with eloquence fires,
Yet oft deprives it of power and life?"

Skirner. Not difficult is this question I trow;
Mead is the key to the riddle proposed:
Wit from the mead-horn doth often flow—
By the mead-cup oft is the fool exposed.

"I pass'd on a road, where three roads met,
Yet these roads never touch'd each other.
How'er ingenious thy mother wit,
Here's a nut to crack thy brains will bother."

"To a frost-bound river thou didst come,
And o'er the ice thou didst glide with speed,
While under thy feet the fishes swum,
And birds in the air flew o'er thy head."

"A two-nosed bridegroom I know full well,
Who kisses his bride with such ardent zeal,
That if thy finger were placed between,
His nose would smash both bone and skin."

"The answer doft I can scarcely miss;
Who would not shrink from the ardent kiss
That the hammer to the anvil gives,
When his trade the smith laborious drives?"

"Of a white-hair'd female I've been told,
Who well knows how white balls to mould;
Yet hath this female never a hand:
This riddle, pray, dost thou understand?"

"'Tis the long-neck'd swan with its colour white,
Who loves to sail on the lake so bright:
No hands hath she, but her yellow feet
Can give to her eggs the figure meet."

"A corpse sat riding a corpse upon,
And though without life the steed moved on;
Across the river it speeded fast,
And stopp'd on the opposite bank at last."

"On the ice lay a horse deprived of breath,
And on it an eagle frozen to death:
On the drifting ice the courser sped
Across the stream, although it was dead."

"What nymphs are those who speed away
Unmarried, to their dying day;
While caps on their dark locks are worn,
And flowing trains their backs adorn?"

"S. Thou meanest sure the waves of ocean,
Which winds so easy put in motion,
But to a speedy end they come;
Their joy is nought but froth and scum."

"G. What guests are those that in silence drain
A cup, which unemptied doth still remain?
Though the guests in silence their bellies fill,
The cup itself makes a clamour shrill."

"S. Each little *ply* abstains from noise
When he his mother's milk enjoys:
But never the mother can silence keep—
She grunts for pasture loud and deep."

NEW VOLUME OF "THE DOCTOR."

The Doctor. Vol. VI. Pp. 386. Longmans.
THE Doctor of old puzzled the critical conjurors; and, like Don Esprilla's Letters, it was not till a considerable time had elapsed that the authorship was known to be Southey's. These, and other ebullitions of less extent and consequence, afford curious indications of his idiosyncrasy. Living a life of intense literary labour—a good deal of it in that line which resembles the horse in the grinding-machine, or the criminal in the treadmill, or the squirrel in the cage, or the dog at the turnspit (now happily, for dogs, abolished)—he seemed to require some out-of-the-way doing to get rid of his exuberance, or, as people more practical and less poetical than he would say, to let his steam off. With a fertile mind, and a country life of ease and leisure, and a disposition for intellectual cultivation and literary pursuit, it is perfectly astonishing what may be done within a few years; make them forty or fifty, and the astonishing becomes the incredible. So it was with Southey. Of a capacity and an industry equal to any task, his duties as a critic and reviewer led him into a wide circle of desultory and curious reading; struck with which, it would appear, after the purpose for which he sought it was answered, he was tempted further and further, as travellers are by Will-o'-the-wisps; and the result might have been "THE DOCTOR" in one hundred volumes. He gave us only five, but left, it seems, the materials for this and another; and they must meet the public eye under some disadvantages; for "the Doctor" *Doctored*, however skillfully, cannot be quite the Doctor himself. We remember the impudent check to pretension, "If you know better than the Doctor, take the Box!" But there is hope in Israel; and we evoke it in his own words:

"I must speak the truth to you, my public,
Sincera veritas non vult taceri. [CHITABRERA.]

Where your enlightenedness (if there be such a word) consists, and your generosity, and your judgment, and your liberality, and your discernment, and your majesty to boot,—to express myself as Whitfield or Rowland Hill would have done in such a case (for they knew the force of language)—I must say, it would puzzle the devil to tell. *Il faut librement avec vérité francher ce mot, sans en estre repris; ou si l'on est, c'est très-mal à propos.* [BRANTOME]. I will tell you what you are; you are a great, ugly, many-headed beast, with a great many ears, which are long, hairy, ticklish, movable, erect, and never at rest. Look at your picture in Southey's Hexameters,—that poem in which his laureated Doctorship writes verses by the yard instead of the foot,—he describes you as 'many-headed and monstrous,'

with numberless faces,
Numberless bestial ears, erect to all rumours, and restless,
And with numberless mouths which are fill'd with lies as with arrows.
Look at that picture, my public! It is very like you!

"For individual readers I profess just as much respect as they individually deserve. There are a few persons in every generation for whose approbation—rather let it be said for whose gratitude and love—it is worth while 'to live laborious days,'

* In the posthumous division of his literary property, the *History of the Brazils*, &c. *History of Portugal*, *The Doctor*, and the *ms.* out of which these two volumes are drawn up, fell to the share of his daughter Edith, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Warton, their editor.

and for these readers of this generation and the generations that are to follow—for these,

Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts;—
For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air;
For these I'll melt my brain into invention,
Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polished jewels in their bounteous ears."

(BEN JONSON.)

Such readers, they who to their learning add knowledge, and to their knowledge wisdom, and to their wisdom benevolence, will say to me,

Συμπλήρωσον, πάλιν δ' ἀμείνων ἐνὶ τῷ λόγῳ
ἐργασάμενος, εἰς τὴν ἐκεί-
νης ἀπαρτὸς μοι σφαιρῆς.
ὡς ἴσῳ μοι δοκῶ
πάντα μετακάνειν διὰ τὴν ἀπὸ ἀποστολῆς
πρὸς τὰς ὁδοιπορίας διακρίσεις λόγῳ, τὸ ὅ-
ταν τις ἀδελφεὸς ἴδῃ.

[ARISTOPHANES.]

But such readers are very few. Walter Landor said that if ten such persons should approve his writings, he would call for a division, and count a majority. To please them is to obtain an earnest of enduring fame; for which, if it be worth any thing, no price can be too great. But for the aggregate any thing is good enough. Yes, my public; Mr. Hume's arithmetic and Mr. Brougham's logic, Lord Castlereagh's syntax, Mr. Irving's religion and Mr. Carlisle's irreligion, the politics of the *Edinburgh Review* and the criticism of the *Quarterly*, Thames water, brewer's beer, Spanish loans, old jokes, new constitutions, Irish eloquence, Scotch metaphysics, Tom and Jerry, Zimmerman on Solitude, Chancery equity and Old Bailey law, Parliamentary wit, the patriotism of a Whig borough-monger, and the consistency of a British cabinet; *Et si il y a encore quelque chose à dire, je le tiens pour dit*;—Yes, my public,

'Nor would I you should look for other looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me.' [BEN JONSON.]

"*Minus dico quam vellem, et verba omnino frigidiora hæc quam ut satis expriment quod concipio; these, and any thing worse than these, if worse than what is worst can be imagined, will do for you.* If there be any thing in infinitude, possibility more worthless than these, more flocculent-naucal, nihilistic-pilish, assialic-teruncial, more good-for-nothing than good-for-nothingness itself, it is good enough for you."

The opening portion is a *rifacimento* of the old author Asgill, and its odd doctrines and learning, not so much relieved from the prolix as most of the Doctor's hobby-horsical excursions. But infected as it were by his referee's phantasies, he incontinently breaks out with his own; and his fancies about the letter D, &c. are sportive enough. Thus, after other lucubrations:—"If he looked for the names through the thinner disguise of language, there was Semiramis, who, having been seduced by doves, was named after them. What was Zuria, the greatest historian of Arragon, but a young stock dove? What were the three Palomines, so properly enumerated in the Bibliotheca of Nicolas Antonio? Pedro the Benedictine, in whose sermons the more than ordinary breathing of the spirit might not unreasonably be expected from his name; Francisco, who translated into Castilian the Psychomachia of the Christian poet Aurelius Prudentius, and Diego the prior of Xodar, whose *Liber de mutatione eris, in quo assidue et mirabilis mutationis temporum historia, cum suis causis, enarratur*, he so greatly regretted that he had never been able to procure; what were these Palomines? what but doves?—Father Colombiere, who framed the service for the heart of Jesus, which was now so fashionable in Catholic countries, was clearly of the dove genus. St. Columba was a decided dove; three there were certainly, the Senonian, the Cordovan, and the Cornish; and there is reason to believe that there was a fourth also, a female dove, who held a high rank in St. Ursula's great army of virgins. Columbo the anatomist, deservedly eminent as one of those who by their researches led the way for Harvey, he also was a dove. Lastly,—and the Doctor in fine taste always re-

served the greatest glory of the dove name for the conclusion of his discourse—lastly there was Christopher Columbus, whom he used to call his famous namesake. And he never failed to commend Ferdinand Columbus, for the wisdom and piety with which he had commented upon the mystery of the name, to remark that his father had conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost to the New World, shewing to the people who knew him not, who was God's beloved Son, as the Holy Ghost had done in the figure of a dove at the baptism of St. John, and bearing, like Noah's dove, the olive-branch and the oil of baptism over the waters of the ocean.

"And what would our onomatologist have said if he had learned to read these words in that curious book of the &c. family, the Oriental fragments of Major Edward Moor: 'In respect to St. Columba, or Colomb, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship, I shall have in another place something to say. I shall try to connect Colomb with Kal O'm,—those infinitely mysterious words of Hindu mythology: and with these, divers mythé, converging into or diverging from O'M—A U M, the Irish Ogham,—I A M,—Amen, I A M—Il-Kolmkill, &c. &c. &c.' Surely had the onomatologist lived to read this passage, he would forthwith have opened and corresponded with the benevolent and erudite etceterarist of Bealings. These things were said in his deeper moods. In the days of courtship he had said in song that Venus's car was drawn by doves, regretting at the time that an allusion which came with such peculiar felicity from him, should appear to common readers to mean nothing more than what rhymers from time immemorial had said before him. After marriage he often called Mrs. Dove his turtle; and in his playful humours, when the gracefulness of youth had gradually been superseded by a certain roundness of form, he sometimes named her *qdrta*, his ring-dove. Then he would regret that she had not proved a stock-dove,—and if she frowned at him, or looked grave, she was his pouting pigeon."

"One inconvenience, however, Mrs. Dove felt from her reverence for the name. He never suffered a pigeon-pie at his table. And when he read that the Samaritans were reproached with retaining a trace of Assyrian superstition, because they held it unlawful to eat this bird, he was from that time inclined to think favourably of the schismatics of Mount Gerizim."

"This is a fair specimen of the pleasantry; and, without dwelling on the various topics, we pass on to copy another:

"It is a tradition in Corsica, that when St. Pantaleon was beheaded, the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snufflers, and that the head rose from the block and sung. In honour of this miracle the Corsicans as late as the year 1775 used to have their swords consecrated, or charmed, by laying them on the altar while a mass was performed to St. Pantaleon. But what have I, who am writing in January instead of July, and who am no Papist, and who have the happiness of living in a Protestant country; and was baptised moreover by a right old English name,—what have I to do with St. Pantaleon? Simply this, my new pantaloons are just come home, and that they derive their name from the aforesaid saint is as certain—as that it was high time I should have a new pair."

"St. Pantaleon, though the tutelary saint of Oporto (which city boasts of his relics), was in more especial fashion at Venice; and so many of the grave Venetians were in consequence named after him, that the other Italians called them generally Pantaloni in derision,—as an Irishman is called Pat, and as Sawney is with us synonymous with Scotchman, or Taffy for a son of Cadwallader and rotary of St. David and his leek. Now the Venetians wore long small clothes; these, as being the national dress, were called Pantaloni also; and when the trunkhose of Elizabeth's days went out of fashion, we received them from France, with the name of pantaloons."

"Pantaloons, then, as of Venetian and Magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent saint, are doubtless an honourable garb. They are also of honourable extraction, being clearly of the Braccæ family. For it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors, heaven be praised, subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these lords of the world thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of barbarians: and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches. The pantaloons are of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century, was re-introduced some five-and-twenty years ago; and still prevails so much—that I, who like to go with the stream, and am therefore content to have fashions thrust upon me, have just received a new pair from London."

Some like playful trifling occurs in a plan to perfect the English language:—"We agree" (says the Doctor) "that in spelling words, it is proper to discard all reference to their etymology. The political reformer would confine the attention of the government exclusively to what are called truly British objects; and the philological reformer, in like manner, are desirous of establishing a truly British language. Upon this principle I would Anglicise the orthography of *chemise*; and by improving upon the hint which the word would then offer in its English appearance, we might introduce into our language a distinction of genders; in which it has hitherto been defective. For example, Hemise and Shemise."

Here, without the use of an article, or any change of termination, we have the needful distinction made more perspicuously than by *à* and *h*, *hic* and *hæc*, *le* and *la*, or other articles serving for no other purpose. Again. In letter-writing, every person knows that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should, therefore, be generally distinguished thus:

Hepistle and Shepistle.
And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, I would propose Penmanship and Penwomanship.

Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of heresies should be divided into Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs;

so that we would speak of the Heresy of the Quakers—the Sheresy of Joanna Southcote's people. The troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is upon the same principle to be called, according to the sex of the patient,

Hecups or Shecups; which, upon the principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of

Hiccups and Hæcups.
In its objective use the word becomes Hiscups or Hercups,

and in like manner Histerics should be altered into Herterics; the complaint never being masculine. So also, instead of making such words as agreeable, comfortable, &c. adjectives of one termination, I would propose

Masculine agreebeau, Feminine agreebelle
comfortabeau comfortabelle
miserabeau miserabelle, &c.

"These things are suggested as hints to Mr. Pytches, to be by him perpended in his improvement of our dictionary. I beg leave also to point out for his critical notice the remarkable difference in the meaning of the word misfortune, as applied to man, woman, or child: a peculiarity for which perhaps no parallel is to be found in any other language."

"But to return from these philological speculations to the Anti-Jacobin by whom we have been led to them, how is it that this critic, great master as he is of the vulgar tongue, should affirm that breeches is the only word by which this part of a man's dress can be expressed. Had he forgotten that there was such a word as galligaskins?—to say nothing of inexpressibles and don't-mention 'ems. Why also did he forget pantaloons?—and thus the chapter like a rondeau comes round to St. Pantaleon with whom it began,

"Sancte Pantaleon, ora pro nobis!"

To this philological argumentation we may appropriately subjoin some of the remarks on styles:

"Authors are often classed, like painters, according to the school in which they have been trained, or to which they have attached themselves. But it is not so easy to ascertain this in literature as it is in painting; and if some of the critics who have thus endeavoured to class them, were sent to school themselves and there whipt into a little more learning, so many silly classifications of this kind would not mislead those readers who suppose, in the simplicity of their own good faith, that no man presumes to write upon a subject which he does not understand."

"Styles may with more accuracy be classed, and for this purpose metals might be used in literature as they are in heraldry. We might speak of the golden style, the silver, the iron, the leaden, the pinchbeck, and the bronze."

"Others there are which cannot be brought under any of these appellations. There is the Cyclopean style, of which Johnson is the great example; the sparkling, or micacious, possessed by Hazlitt, and much affected in Reviews and Magazines; the oleaginous, in which Mr. Charles Butler bears the palm, or more appropriately the olive-branch; the fulminating—which is Walter Lardner's, whose conversation has been compared to thunder and lightning; the impenetrable—which is sometimes used by Mr. Coleridge; and the Jeremy-Benthamite, which cannot with propriety be distinguished by any other name than one derived from its unparalleled and unparalleled author."

"Ex stilo," says Erasmus, "perpendimus ingenium cujusque, omnemque mentis habitum ex ipsa dictionis ratione conjectamus. Est enim tumidi, stilus turgidus; abjecti, humilis, exanguis; asper, scaber; amarulenti, tristis ac maledicus; delicias affluens, picturatus ac dissolutus. Breviter, omne vitæ simulacrum, omnis animi vis, in oratione perinde ut in speculo representatur, ac vel intima pectoris, arcanis quibusdam vestigiis, deprehenduntur."

"There is the lean style, of which Nathaniel Lardner and William Coxé may be held up as examples; and there is the larded one, exemplified in Bishop Andrews, and in Burton the Anatomist of Melancholy; Jeremy Taylor's is both a flowery and a fruitful style: Harvey the Meditationist's a weedy one. There are the hard and dry; the weak and watery; the manly and the womanly; the juvenile and the anile; the round and the pointed; the flashy and the fiery; the lucid and the opaque; the luminous and the tenebrous; the continuous and the disjointed. The washy and the slap-dash are both much in vogue, especially in magazines and reviews; so are the barbed and venomous. The High Slang style is exhibited in the *Court Journal* and in Mr. Colburn's novels; the Low Slang in *Tom and Jerry*, *Bell's Life in London*, and most magazines, those especially which are of most pretensions."

"The flatulent style, the feverish, the aguish, and the atrabilious are all as common as the diseases of body from which they take their name, and of mind in which they originate; and not less common than either is the dyspeptic style, proceeding from a weakness in the digestive faculty."

"Learned, or if not learned, dear reader, I had much to say of style; but the under-written passage from that beautiful book, Xenophon's *Memorabilia* Socratis, has induced me, as the Latins say, *stiliam*

verte, and to erase a paragraph written with ink in which the gall predominated.

Ἐγὼ δ' οὐ καὶ αὐτὸς, ὃ Ἀντιφῶν, ὥσπερ ἄλλος τις ἢ Ἰαπερ ἀγαθὸν ἢ κυνὶ ἢ δρυϊδὶ ῥέεται, οὕτω καὶ ἐνὶ μάλλον ῥέομαι τοῖς φίλοις ἀγαθοῖς· καὶ, ἐάν τι σὺ ἀγαθὸν διδάσκω, καὶ ἄλλοις συνίστημι, παρ' ἂν ἂν ἡγάμαι ὠφέλησθαι τι αὐτοὺς εἰς ἀρετὴν· καὶ τοὺς θησαυροὺς τῶν παλαιοῦ σοφῶν ἀνδρῶν, οὓς ἐκείνοι κατέλιπον ἐν βιβλίοις γράφοντες, ἀνελλίτων κοινῇ σὺν τοῖς φίλοις διέρχομαι· καὶ ἂν τι δρώμεν ἀγαθόν, ἐκλεγόμεθα, καὶ μέγα νομίζομεν κέρδος, εἰς ἀλλήλους ὠφέλιμοι γινώμεθα.

Readers will see that there is learning as well as satirical drollery in many of the Doctor's commentaries; and anecdote:

"The Welsh have a saying, that if a woman were as quick with her feet as her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning. It is a fanciful saying, as many of the Welsh sayings are. But if Miss Maddox had been as quick with her tongue as her feet, instead of dancing an hundred horsemen down, she might have talked their hundred horses to death."

[To be continued.]

RURAL ENGLAND AND HER SONS.

The Boy's Summer-Book, descriptive of the Season, Scenery, &c. By Thomas Miller. Pp. 124. Chapman and Hall.

THIS notice was intended to have preceded that of another of the author's books which appeared in our *Gazette*, No. 1556; but "Editors propose and Printers dispose" (as well as compose), and so the order has been reversed. It is with infinite gratification we take up such volumes as the present, redolent of all Miller's charming descriptive power where external Nature beckons him on, and fresh with feelings in unison with such themes. As a boy's book, there is a fine manly and correct and moral spirit which pervades the whole; and a work more suited to the right direction and improvement of youth we could not wish to be placed in their hands. We love it the more for its examples of poetic warmth and enthusiasm. Imagination is one of the noblest adjuncts to the schoolmaster; and the teacher who would make all the inhabitants of towns Plodders, and all the inhabitants of the country Clods, will never get any praise or sympathy from us. Let the latter rather range the fields with Miller as their Teucer, and learn that where there is expansion of the mind there is the more space whereon to record elevating precepts and indelible principles for good in this world and blessing in the world to come.

Thomson began his *Seasons* in spring with Winter, which, we presume, may be quoted as a precedent; for Miller begins his *Seasons* (for there are to be four of these excellent volumes) with Summer in winter. For here is chill December nodding his rheumy head at us, whilst we are invited to take a rural turn with rustic sports and Soft Jimmy; a well drawn character, one of their Ornaments!

"Country feasts, and all such-like merry-makings, are generally attended by some oddity or another; and I well remember a man called Soft Jimmy who visited all the country wakes for miles around. He used to say, when asked where he lived, 'that he was like a dog, and had his home everywhere.' His residence was, I believe, in a neighbouring workhouse, from which they allowed him to go out whenever he pleased. They never could get him to work, for he was a sad lazy fellow. If they set him to weed the garden, he was sure to pull up all the flowers, and leave the weeds; and when they spoke to him about it, he only said, 'What can you expect from Soft Jimmy?' If they made him turn the grindstone, he would always turn it from the man sharpening his tools: if the grinder changed sides, so did Jimmy; he never would turn it the right way. One day he found a sixpence; and a man who saw him pick it up said, 'I've lost one.' 'But had yours a hole in it?' said Jimmy, looking at the sixpence in his hand. 'Yes,'

answered the man, at a venture. 'Then mine has not,' said Soft Jimmy, chuckling with delight. But Jimmy was once taken in. He was too fond of cold gin-and-water; and one day asked a farmer to treat him. 'If you will go home with me,' said the farmer, 'I'll give you as much as you can drink, Jimmy.' Soft Jimmy ran for a mile or two beside the farmer's horse; and when they reached the farm-house, the farmer called for a pail of water, into which he poured a small glass of gin; telling Jimmy, when he had finished that he should have another. 'He was too sharp for me that time,' said Jimmy. But Soft Jimmy took the farmer in afterwards. He was asked to run an errand, and the reward was to be as much bread and cheese as he could eat. Jimmy carried off the remainder of the cheese, and the large brown loaf; saying, no time was mentioned, and if he could not eat it all that day, he could the next. The good-natured farmer laughed, and in consideration of the trick he had played him let Jimmy off with the plunder. Poor fellow! although he but aped softness, and pretended not to be right sharp, that he might live in laziness, yet he became a senseless idiot at last, and died in the true character which he had so long assumed; a warning which ought not to be lost upon us. Were I writing a maudlin book, I might make a long sermon on the fate of Soft Jimmy; but I trust I am writing for fine, manly-hearted boys, who, if they assume any thing at all, it will be a character of noble manliness—a something beyond, rather than behind, their capabilities."

Poor fellow! he reminds us of several of Scott's admirable portraits of the dast and silly, who, like the mad and idiotic in the East, have been (alas, we fear not so much now) treated with forbearance and kindness throughout the British isles.

Our next specimen is a curious story of that bird, or word, of fear, unpleasant to a married ear, viz. the Cuckoo, with a charming addition of scenery, impressing the love of country.

"That the cuckoo returns again, and feeds and rears its young, is the opinion of many, although we believe that it is left to the mercy of the stranger-bird whose young it has destroyed. I well remember once seeing a cuckoo attack the nests of several swallows, in an old town in Lincolnshire. The song of a cuckoo heard ringing in a market-place could not fail of drawing the attention of many of the inhabitants. It flew from nest to nest, pursued by the whole congregation of swallows, who seemed determined to wage war against this common enemy; and after several fruitless attempts to deposit its egg in the nests of the swallows, the cuckoo, pursued by the whole colony for some distance, at length flew across the river, and was lost amid the distant scenery. I have often wished that it had succeeded in leaving its egg behind in any one of the swallows' nests, in order that I might have had proof whether it returned to feed and rear its young. But see what a beautiful scene is this stretching beside the village, and beyond the river! What a picturesque appearance has that row of stately elms which overhang the footpath along the bank! What a noble sweep the river takes at the foot of those hills, below which it curves its silver arm, then dwindles away in the perspective, and is lost amid the wooded distance! Here sheep bleat, and jingle their musical bells as they crop the wild thyme from the bee-haunted hillocks, or browse among the luxuriant clover in the neighbouring pastures. Knee deep, the plump-sided oxen graze; or, chewing the cud, lie half buried among the flowers of summer. The heavy wagon, with its grey tilt, rumbles slowly along up the steep acclivity, on whose summit stands the old mill, its rent sails turning round with a lazy motion, as if half hesitating whether it should stand still or move. Here and there we see figures crossing the landscape; the angler, with his wicker basket borne on the butt-end of the fishing-rod which rests upon his shoulder, moving leisurely

along the bank, or pausing every now and then, as if selecting some favourite spot for the morrow's sport. The woodman, in his forest-stained dress, followed by his faithful dog, and bearing the bundle of faggots upon his back, which he will add to the great pile already reared up beside his hut, and stored to meet the yet distant winter. You hear the song of the milkmaid, and can just see the white kit which she balances on her head, beside the long hedgerow by which she is passing. The red cow which she has left in the meadow stands lowing beside the gate. A calm beauty hangs about the deep blue of the heavens, while the earth is steeped in the golden splendour of an unclouded sunshine. The breeze scarcely awakens a ripple upon the river more than is made by the swallow when she stoops down and laves her breast as she flies. The willows beside the bank bend with a gentle and dreamy motion, as if composing their feathery heads to sleep; and the little ripples creep so feebly upon the shore, that they scarcely rock the slender reeds which skirt the lowest slope of the water-course. The whole scene is broken into beautiful little pictures, every one of which a good artist might transfer to canvass, and hang his studio with a hundred morsels of landscape. What a blessing it is to be born in a country like England, where green hills tower, wild woods wave, and clear rivers flow through hundreds of miles of sweet pastoral scenery; where men dare give utterance to their thoughts, and no one, unless he is mean enough to do so, need become the slave of opinion; where oppression and wrong are dragged forth into the light of day,—and no matter how high may be the rank or great the wealth of the offender, they cannot protect him from public censure; where talent can take its proud stand beside title, and the highest offices in the realm have been obtained by men who had no renowned ancestry to boast of! These things ought to make every English boy feel proud of his country."

To this we will only add one of the author's own sweet, beautiful, and healthful pictures: it is of the rural Sabbath.

"On the Sabbath you seem to walk more alone amid His works; you no longer behold man there at his labour, though the flowers blow, the birds sing, and the bee goes on murmuring beside the river that pauseth not in its low sweet song; yet even these sounds seem subdued, as if they felt the holy stillness which pervades the Sabbath. All around speaks of peace; whichever way you turn the eye you see some object which tells you that man has ceased from his labour: the broad-wheeled wagon stands motionless in the shed; the edge of the sharp scythe is covered, and hung upon the wall; the horses move to and fro almost without a sound, for they are no longer cumbered by their jingling harness; even the very shepherd-dog lies coiled up in a corner, basking in the sunshine, as if he too knew that it was a day of rest; for a dreamy quietness seems to have settled down upon every field, farm, and homestead. You miss the noisy prattle of the village children in the green lanes, the whistling and singing of the elder ones as they went to and fro on their errands from field to farm—for they are gathered together under the slated roof of the humble Sunday-school; and at intervals (from the open windows) you catch the faint sound of some plaintive hymn, while they raise the song of praise which ascends unto heaven. And on this day the poor labourer, who has passed the whole week amid the quiet and solitariness of the fields—leaving his cottage early in the morning, and returning to it again late in the evening, to find his children asleep as when he left them, after being wearied with their long day's play—even he has the pleasure of seeing them one day out of seven, gathering round his table, and climbing upon his knees, and telling him about all the wonderful things they have seen and heard since the last Sabbath,—fondly asking him when it will be Sunday again, and hoping it will come soon, that he may spend the whole day at home with them."

"The very village seems to sleep in the still sunshine of the Sabbath: the air no longer rings with the heavy hammering of the blacksmith, his shop is closed, and the rustic gossip gone that leans for the hour together over the unlatticed window-sill; the plane no longer whistles in the joiner's shed; around the wheelwright's door every axle is at rest, and you behold only the proud cock and his feathered dames scratching amongst the chips and shavings: if the children sit beside the village brook, you miss the little boat which was so great an object of interest to them, for it is put away somewhere until the following day; and all they have to amuse themselves with now is, to throw in a weed or a flower and watch it float silently away. The hoop is hung up in the shed, the kite on its accustomed nail behind the door; bats and balls are all taken away; the little barrow lies with its wheel uppermost at the bottom of the garden; the spotted wooden horse, without its head, is thrust underneath the seat in the summer-house; and the tiny cart, which is filled with new occupants from morning until night, the scene of many a squabble and many a kiss, has for one day found rest for its weary wheels. In the woods you find the same Sabbath-like silence reign: you no longer hear the sound made by the old faggot-gatherer as he snaps some fallen and rotten bough sharply asunder, before thrusting it into her huge bundle of sticks; you miss the noisy shouts of the boisterous bird-nesters, and no longer see their ragged figures diving in and out of the underwood as they examine bush after bush, and tree after tree. The axe of the woodman is silent. In the vast fields that slope down the hill-sides, dipping and stretching away to the very verge of the river, not a human figure is visible, unless it be some wandering pedestrian enjoying his solitary Sunday walk. Where but the day before you saw groups of men, and women, and children, busily employed in field-work, now nothing moves; their rakes and hoes and weeding-hooks are thrown together in a heap beside the hedge, there to await the coming morrow. Even on the river the boats are moored, just in the place where the last tide left them, for they have not moved a single length since the Sabbath-day settled down; the angler has left his banks, and the rower has quitted his boat, the wheel of the water-mill is still; and all you see of motion there is the willows awaying idly in the breeze, and the water-flags rocking to the rippling of the current, or the solitary water-crake, which is a very scarce bird, and, like the bittern, fond of sheltering in marshy and reedy places; for it can both swim and dive; but, like many a boy who has neither the courage nor the industry to master these necessary accomplishments, it prefers wading, and for this purpose chooses shallow water."

How true and how touching! Fathers, mothers, and teachers, let your boy-children read this work.

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Pox honour, the juveniles ought to be much obliged to the literati of our time, both male and female, for the pains they take to furnish them with amusement, instruction, and the combination of the serio-comic to slide them into the ways of wisdom and paths of peace.

Irish Diamonds, by John Smith, with illustrations by Phiz (Chapman and Hall), pertains to the first class, and is an epitome of droll stories, bulls and blunders, mostly Irish. A good deal of it is, of course, old, and mostly well known; but there may be morsels younger and less familiar, of which we will try to guess a few.

In St. Anne's Square, Manchester, a handsome carriage and pair were standing at the door of a fashionable shop, into which the ladies, who had alighted, had entered, on the usual errand of tasteful expenditure, and a gentleman remained in the carriage reading. The vehicle, the horses, the liveries, and appointments, were all of a superior order, and attracted the especial attention of two friends, who stood conversing at a neighbouring

shop-door. 'Ah,' said one to the other; 'that's something handsome now. How I should like to be driven out in such an equipage as that!' 'Well,' replied the other, coolly, 'you have only to step in at once, and you will be driven out immediately, I warrant you.'

"Pay me that six-and-eightpence you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney. 'For what?' 'For the opinion you had of me.' 'Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life.'

"An aurist was so remarkably clever, that having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady indeed, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in South Australia."

"A village in the Far West had not within all its borders a single barometer; and therefore the weather did whatever it liked."

"The Irish gardener is described as being requested to set his master's watch by his sun-dial, when he forthwith 'planted' it in the ground close to it."

"A footman, despatched on a like errand, was puzzled how to execute his commission; and lifting the dial from its pedestal, brought it to his master, saying, he could do it best."

"The lady called to the footman to snuff the candles, or the horrid wicks would grow up to the ceiling."

"A fortnight's imprisonment in gaol was thought a trifling sentence, because, as it was in the depth of winter, the days were so short."

"A recent number of the *Saratoga Sentinel* (U. S.) records a bull uttered by Mr. Pollard of Baltimore, the well-known temperance lecturer in America. In a speech at a meeting in the Presbyterian church of that place, he used the words, 'Fathers, you have children; or, if you have not, your daughters may have.'

"Another American paper, describing the riots at Philadelphia, says, 'One discharge from the cannon of the rioters killed twenty soldiers, who, in their turn, rushed on the populace, firing on them,' &c."

"An ignorant but well-meaning man having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district in England, declared, on taking his seat as a magistrate, that it would, indeed, be his most anxious endeavour to do justice without fear, favour, or affection. 'In short,' said he, emphatically, 'I will take care that on this bench I will never be either partial or impartial.'"

"An Irish paper, describing the result of a duel, says, 'The one party was wounded in the chest, and the other fired in the air.' [This must have been a triangular duel]."

"Blayne said, in reference to several persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that 'it seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no children.'"

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend; who replied, 'For my part, I never shot any thing in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned.'

"A clergyman is somewhere described as preaching a sermon for the blind, when, expatiating on the blessings conferred by the precious visual organs, he exclaimed, 'If all were born blind, what a shocking sight it would be!'"

"An Irish doctor, we are told, advertised that persons afflicted with deafness might hear of him at a house in Liffey Street, where also blind patients might see him daily, from ten till three o'clock."

"The Irish player gave a ready and humorous turn to the feeling in which he and his manager were involved, when the latter evinced some disappointment at the former declaring himself totally unable to play the part of Henry VIII. 'Why, you can play almost any thing and every thing, and yet won't undertake that one part of King Henry VIII?' 'No, indeed,' replied the actor, 'I can't; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you—I'll

play the two parts of Henry IV., and that will be aqual.'

"An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. 'Oh! not at all,' said he; 'not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it.'"

"An Irish peasant, on a small ragged pony, was floundering through a bog, when the animal, in its efforts to push on, got one of its hoofs into the stirrups, 'Arrah, my boy,' said the rider, 'if you are going to get up, it is time for me to get down.'"

"Copy of a Letter, written during the Rebellion by Sir —, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London."

"My dear sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whisky; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this, I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colours, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and, by the time half our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp, which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes, without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.—Yours truly,

"PS. If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will write to let me know."

With these samples we leave the rest of the laughs to the lovers of merriment, and Phiz's accompaniments.

Green's Nursery Annual (Darton and Clark) is quite a captivating child's book, with prints of youthful sports gaily coloured. The letter-press, in prose and verse, is suitable, and all of beneficial tendency; and not only set in a very pretty border, but adorned with well-executed woodcuts.

Tales about Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, by Peter Parley (Tegg and Co.), whose name is a passport over land or sea. The tales, as might be expected, are interesting, and such as boys like much to read; though they may, in these peaceful days, never come to be Duncans, Collingwoods, or Nelsons. By the by, youths of fair report are much dejected in the navy just now; and a little book like this may prompt to great men.

Rural Pickings, &c. for the Use of Young Persons. (Tegg and Co.). Selections of "attractive points in country life and scenery," with a few coloured prints. Those who care not for the Sea will find some pleasing reading in this volume.

The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha (James Burns). A new edition, said to be "divested of cumbrous matter" ? and "revised for general reading;" which phrase "cumbrous," we think, had better have been modified. There is nothing cumbrous in the original; but the present *tome* is, notwithstanding, an excellent one for "general reading."

The Old English Gentleman, by John Mills (H. Hurst), is a Christmas edition of a volume more of a sporting than instructive character, unless the latter quality may be found in sketches of life, generally accompanied by the inculcation of social and generous sentiments.

The Good Genius that turned Everything into Gold, by the brothers Mayhew (D. Bogue), is a genuine Christmas fairy-tale, and of the delightful kind, drawing on the imagination for the best lessons of human life. A discontented woodman becomes the protégé of the magic Queen Bee; and metamorphoses and adventures supply the changeable theme, which is framed with skill and fancy to interest the reader, whilst it tends, through many little meanderings of pleasing instruction, to a dénouement of most improving application. The volume is also charmingly embellished by G. Cruikshank. The frontispiece alone, the Bee changing a forest into a fleet, is a performance absolutely of genius—a fairy piece of pencilling.

Glimpses of the Wonderful. Third Series. (Harvey and Darton.) The continuation of a little work, with above a score of marvellous selections, and as many woodcuts, of striking subjects, from travels, natural history, &c., to engage the attention of childhood, and so conduct it to various information. It is written in an easy familiar manner, and well fitted for its avowed purpose. Let us add, that it is a great praise when we have no fault to find with productions of this sort. Books for infancy are rarely innocuous as this is, and likely to interest without leading astray.

The Last Day. Second edition. Sm. 8vo (Nisbet). We feel that we need hardly apologise to our readers for diverting their attention for a moment from more mundane matters, to the re-appearance of this extraordinary little book. About the beginning of the year, now drawing fast to a close, we said that "in all our editorial experience we had never met with a more remarkable work—remarkable for boldness of theme and power of execution;" and now, we may add, for its success in having nearly exhausted a large illuminated edition, among all classes of what is generally known by the appellation of the "religious world," at a very high price for so small a book, however elegant its designs, and expensive the style of printing; and we certainly indulge in a little self-gratulation at having been the earliest to hail its first avatar. A second edition, at a reduced price, has just appeared, denuded of its illuminations, but still preserving its curiously worked borders in sombre brown—which, perhaps, will be even more welcome than the book, in its former guise to the serious part of the Community, to whom it is particularly addressed. Thus *The Last Day* will still be a text-book, a gift-book, and a table-book, to wonder over and praise.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS.

Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels. Vol. XII. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Houlston and Stoneman.

MR. CADELL has worthily brought this admirable edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels to a close. There are twelve volumes, looking so handsome on the library-shelf; but what are the appearances outside to the beauties and treasure within? First-rate artists have been procured liberally to illustrate this vast profusion of the *mens divinator al-*

lotted by heaven to the inexhaustible spirit which seemed ever to fill itself and be full from its own overflows. At last nature sank, but hardly the imagination which had become a part of nature, and flashed up in fitful radiance to the last. The *Abbotsford Family*, by Wilkie, a frontispiece to this closing volume, is now a sad and melancholy contemplation; an eloquent lesson to worldly hopes and ambition; a touching memorial how unstable are the foundations of mortal happiness, how frail and certain to be broken all the strongest ties and bindings of this earth. The corpse of Wilkie the painter rocks within the bosom of the heaving sea; and Scott, the chief and glory of this scene, was conveyed over that sea but to find death awaiting him in his cherished home. The wife of his bosom, the children of his love, are gone, with the exception of one in a distant clime, in no promising state of health; the faithful servant is in his grave, and the attached friend (if he still live) must be very old. And what is *Abbotsford* now? A desolation—or worse, a show-house. David Wilkie, thy pencil of 1817 has bequeathed to us a grand morality.

Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous, and two or three minor productions, are the contents of this concluding volume; and an excellent index and glossary not only render it complete, but complete the eleven preceding volumes. The illustrations of these useful adjuncts will create much interest among southern and foreign readers; for besides a graceful ornamental title, there are sketches of Dryburgh Abbey, and the tombstone therein under which Sir Walter and his lady rest; and others of his statue by Dickes, and the monument designed by poor Kemp at Edinburgh, where it is placed.

Of the mass of genius (to confound the spiritual with the real, and the immaterial with the solid) displayed in these twelve volumes, it would overcome us to endeavour to speak. They are the creation of a Literary Universe, and we found it absorbing enough to venture opinions as the parts of the mighty fabric were developed into the light of day. We cannot find words to express our renewed and ever renewable delight with, and admiration of the whole. Ranging over seven hundred years, embracing various lands, and every diversity of scene, and circumstance, and human character—ever true to social order and virtue—never misled to utter one sentiment or one syllable which dying he should wish to blot,—the writings of Scott present an unexampled spectacle for the gratitude of his fellow-men; and so long as the love of Country and the English language exists, so long will his works ensure their affection, and his memory enjoy their veneration.

They cannot have this division of his fictitious literature in a more appropriate form than that in which the publisher has clothed it here.

SIR E. B. LYTON'S LUCRETIA.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

THE poisoners, with reference to whose dreadful collusion our last notice closed, are left alone after the discovery which induces it; and

"Then that mute coma of horror! that suspense of two foes in the conflict of death—for the subtle prying eye of Olivier Dalibard sees that he himself is suspected—farther he shuns from sifting! Glance fastens on glance, and then hurries smilingly away. From the cup grins a skeleton—at the board warns a spectre. But how kind still the words, and how gentle the tone! and they lie down side by side in the marriage-bed—brain plotting against brain, heart loathing heart. It is a duel of life and death, between those sworn through life and beyond death at the altar. But it is carried on with all the forms and courtesies of duel in the age of chivalry. No conjugal wrangling—no slip of the tongue—the oil is on the surface of the wave—the monsters in the hell of the abyss war invisibly below. At length, a dull torpor creeps over the woman; she feels the taint in her veins,—the slow victory is begun. What mattered all their vigilance, and caution?

Vainly glide from the pangs of the serpent, his very breath suffices to destroy! Pure seems the draught and wholesome the viand—that master of the science of murder needs not the means of the bungler! Then, keen and strong from the creeping lethargy, started the fierce instinct of self, and the ruthless impulse of revenge. Not too late yet to escape; for those subtle banes, that are to defy all detection, work but slowly to their end."

From this pandemonium we seek refuge in a few words from the retrospect in the prologue to the second part:

"The century has advanced: the rush of the deluge has ebbed back, the old landmarks have reappeared; the dynasties Napoleon willed into life have crumbled to the dust; the plough has passed over Waterloo—autumn after autumn the harvests have glittered on that grave of an empire. Through the immense ocean of universal change, we look back on the single track which our frail boat has cut through the waste. As a star shines impartially over the measureless expanse, though it seems to gild but one broken line to each eye; so, as our memory gazes on the past, the light spreads not over all the breadth of the waste, where nations have battled, and argosies gone down—it falls, narrow and confined, along the single course we have taken: we lean over the small raft on which we float, and see the sparkles but reflected from the waves that it divides. . . . In the vicarage, Time, the old scythe-bearer, has not paused from his work. Still employed on Greek texts, little changed, save that his hair is grey, and that some lines in his kindly face tell of sorrows as of years, the vicar sits in his parlour, but the children no longer, blithe-voiced and rose-cheeked, dart through the rustling espaliers. Those children, grave men, or staid matrons (save one whom Death chose, and therefore now of all best beloved), are at their posts in the world. The young ones are flown from the nest, and with anxious wings, here and there, search food in their turn for their young. But the blithe voice and rose-cheek of the child make not that loss which the 'hearth' misses the most. From childhood to manhood, and from manhood to departure, the natural changes are gradual and prepared. The absence most missed is that household life which presided, which kept things in order, and must be coaxed if a chair were displaced. That providence in trifles, that clasp of small links, that dear, bustling agency, now pleased, now complaining—dear alike in each change of its humour; that active life which has no self of its own—like the mind of a poet, though its prolebe the humblest, transferring self into others, with its right to be cross, and its charter to scold—for the motive is clear—it takes what it loves too anxiously to heart. The door of the parlour is open, the garden path still passes before the threshold; but no step now has full right to halt at the door, and interrupt the grave thought on Greek texts;—no small talk on details and wise savings chimes in with the wrath of *Medea*. The Prudent Genius is gone from the household; and perhaps as the good scholar now wearily pauses, and looks out on the silent garden, he would have given with joy all that Athens produced, from *Bacchylus* to Plato, to heat again from the old familiar lips the lament on torn jackets, or the statistical economy of eggs!"

And here we are taught the mighty truth enunciated in the simplest language by Sir William Temple:

"To have something we have not, and be something we are not, is the root of all evil."

We are soon introduced to an inferior range of characters, with whom accident, the necessities of the plot, and the criminality of the poisoners, must bring us acquainted. The sweepers of a crossing, a second-rate attorney, a crackman, and his 'promising family, a body-snatcher, and others of the dregs of society, figure on the scene, and prove essential to the fall of the curtain. The sweeper is skillfully individualised, and as regards his bad and good qualities

"He was the fairest prize old man could win, and was pale as their stars and shaggy and ungainly a perpetuity that you would come under was humbled but without less dulness quickened knew by w into the w of a strange and rags, an old de whereat l unknown haunts at in London held his with his character. And the He was so had been prized from would, part with had been grown to the sensi any of his service, or friendly s hackbone untold. had not priest's s from the, fitful and knew if s at the himself, 'Beck.' origin, p squallid, London, self—one whom it starvation stones for the dungh the giant creature fellow-be the secret frankly, crossing; help them it a doubt served him. H it lie fair bestowed man may Beck felt subject to In del maturity too acute acute tra on the a for the e referred, whom, h he was a aggraver, plied by of the th

"He was a character! He was young, in the fairest prime of youth; but it was the face of an old man on young shoulders. His hair was long, thin, and prematurely streaked with grey; his face was pale and deeply furrowed; his eyes hollow, and their stare gleamed, cold and stolid, under his bent and shaggy brows. The figure was at once fragile and ungainly, and the narrow shoulders curved in a perpetual stoop. It was a person, once noticed, that you would easily remember, and associate with some undefined, painful impression. The manner was humble, but not meek; the voice was whining, but without pathos. There was a meagre, passionless dulness about the aspect, though at times it quickened into a kind of avid acuteness. No one knew by what human parentage this personage came into the world. He had been reared by the charity of a stranger, crept through childhood, and misery, and rags, mysteriously; and suddenly succeeded an old defunct negro in the profitable crossing whereat he is now standing. All education was unknown to him, so was all love. In those festive haunts at St Giles's, where he who would see 'Life in London' may often discover the boy who has held his horse in the morning dancing merrily with his chosen damsel at night, our sweeper's character was austere as Charles the Twelfth's. And the poor creature had his good qualities. He was sensitively alive to kindness; little enough had been shewn him to make the luxury the more prized from its rarity. Though fond of money, he would part with it (we do not say cheerfully, but part with it still), not to mere want, indeed (for he had been too pinched and starved himself, and had grown too obtuse to pinching and to starving for the sensitiveness that prompts to charity), but to any of his companions who had done him a good service, or who had even warmed his dull heart by a friendly smile. He was honest, too,—honest to the backbone; you might have trusted him with gold untold. Through the heavy clod which man's care had not moulded, nor books enlightened, nor the priest's solemn lore informed, still natural rays, from the great parent source of Deity, struggled, fitful and dim. He had no lawful name: none knew if sponsors had ever stood security for his sins at the sacred font. But he had christened himself by the strange unchristianlike name of 'Beck.' There he was, then, seemingly without origin, parentage, or kindred tie,—a lonesome, squalid, bloodless thing, which the great monster, London, seemed to have spawned forth of its own self—one of its sickly, miserable, rickety offspring, whom it puts out at nurse to penury, at school to starvation; and finally, and literally, gives them stones for bread, with the option of the gallows or the dunghill, when the desperate offspring calls on the giant mother for return and home! And this creature did love something—loved, perhaps, some fellow-being; of that hereafter, when we dive into the secrets of his privacy. Meanwhile, openly and frankly, he loved his crossing; he was proud of his crossing; he was grateful to his crossing. God help thee, son of the street, why not? He had in it a double affection; that of serving, and being served. He kept the crossing, if the crossing kept him. He smiled at times to himself when he saw it lie fair and brilliant amidst the mire around; it bestowed on him a sense of property. What a man may feel for a fine estate in a ring fence, Beck felt for that isthmus of the kennel which was subject to his broom."

In delineating Varney after he has arrived at maturity (for we dislike his precocious villany, as too acute for youth) we have also some finely acute tracings of the inward man. He is walking on the night of the illuminations and rejoicings for the coronation of William IV. (the night just referred to) with a person of rank and wealth whom he wishes to get within his snare; "when he was accosted abruptly by three men of that exaggerated style of dress and manner which is implied by the vulgar appellation of 'tigrish.' Each of the three men had a cigar in his mouth, each

seemed flushed with wine. One wore long brass spurs, and immense moustaches; another was distinguished by an enormous surface of black satin cravat, across which meandered a pectolus of gold chain; a third had his coat laced and braided, *à la Polonoise*, and pinched and padded *à la Russe*, with trousers shaped to the calf of a sinewy leg, and a glass screwed into his right eye. 'Ah, Gabriel!—ah, Varney!—ah, prince of good fellows, well met! You sup with us to-night at little Celeste's; we were just going in search of you.' 'Who's your friend—one of us?' whispered a second. And the third screwed his arm tight and lovingly into Varney's. Gabriel, despite his habitual assurance, looked abashed for a moment, and would have extricated himself from cordialities not at that moment welcome; but he saw that his friends were too far gone in their cups to be easily shaken off, and he felt relieved when Percival, after a dissatisfied glance at the three, said, quietly, 'I must detain you no longer, I shall soon look in at your studio;' and without waiting for answer slid off, and was lost among the crowd. Varney walked on with his new-found friends, unheeding for some moments their loose remarks and familiar banter. At length he shook off his abstraction, and surrendering himself to the coarse humours of his companions, soon eclipsed them all by the gusto of his slang and the mocking profligacy of his sentiments; for here he no longer played a part, or suppressed his grosser instincts. That uncurbed dominion of the senses to which his very boyhood had abandoned itself found a willing slave in the man. Even the talents themselves that he displayed came from the cultivation of the sensual. His eye, studying externals, made him a painter; his ear, quick and practised, a musician. His wild, prodigal fancy rioted on every excitement, and brought him in a vast harvest of experience in knowledge of the frailties and the vices on which it indulged its vagrant experiments. Men who over-cultivate the art that connects itself with the senses, with little counterpoise from the reason and pure intellect, are apt to be dissipated and irregular in their lives. This is frequently noticeable in the biographies of musicians, singers, and painters; less so in poets, because he who deals with words, not signs and tones, must perpetually compare his senses with the pure images of which the senses only see the appearances; in a word, he must employ his intellect, and his self-education must be large and comprehensive. But with most real genius, however fed merely by the senses—most really great painters, singers, and musicians, however easily led astray into temptation, the richness of the soil throws up abundant good qualities to countervail or redeem the evil: they are usually compassionate, generous, sympathising. That Varney had not such beauties of soul and temperament it is unnecessary to add; principally, it is true, because of his nurture, education, parental example, the utter corruption in which his childhood and youth had passed—partly because he had no *real* genius: it was a false apparition of the divine spirit, reflected from the exquisite perfection of his frame (which rendered all his senses so vigorous and acute), and his riotous fancy, and his fitful energy, which was capable at times of great application, but not of definite purpose or earnest study. All about him was flashy and hollow. He had not the natural subtlety and depth of mind that had characterised his terrible father. The graft of the opera dancer was visible on the stock of the scholar: wholly without the habits of method and order, without the patience, without the mathematical, calculating brain of Dalibard, he played wantonly with the horrible and loathsome wickedness of which Olivier had made dark and solemn study. Extravagant and lavish, he spent money as fast as he gained it; he threw away all chances of eminence and career. In the midst of the direct plots of his villany, or the most energetic pursuit of his art, the poorest excitement, the veriest bauble, would draw him aside. His heart was with Falri in the sty, his

fancy with Aladdin in the palace. To make a show was his darling object: he loved to create effect by his person, his talk, his dress, as well as by his talents. Living from hand to mouth, crimes through which it is not our intention to follow him had at times made him rich to-day, for vices to make him poor again to-morrow. What he called 'luck,' or 'his star,' had favoured him: he was *not* hanged! he lived; and as the greater part of his unscrupulous career had been conducted in foreign lands, and under other names,—in his own name, and in his own country, though something scarcely to be defined, but equivocal and provocative of suspicion, made him displeasing to the prudent, and vaguely alarmed the experience of the sober, still no positive accusation was attached to the general integrity of his character; and the mere dissipation of his habits was naturally little known out of his familiar circle. Hence he had the most presumptuous confidence in himself; a confidence native to his courage, and confirmed by his experience. His conscience was so utterly obtuse, that he might almost be said to present the phenomenon of a man without conscience at all. Unlike Conrad, he did not 'know himself a villain;' all that he knew of himself was, that he was a remarkably clever fellow, without prejudice or superstition. That, with all his gifts, he had not succeeded better in life, he ascribed carelessly to the surpassing wisdom of his philosophy. He could have done better if he had enjoyed himself less; but was not enjoyment the be all and end all of this little life? More often, indeed, in the moods of his bitter envy, he would lay the fault upon the world. How great he could have been if he had been rich and high born! Oh, he was made to spend, not to save—to command, not to fawn! He was not formed to plod through the dull mediocrities of fortune; he must toss up for the all or the nothing! It was no control over himself that made Varney now turn his thoughts from certain grave designs on Percival Saint John to the brutal debauchery of his three companions: rather he then yielded most to his natural self. And when the morning-star rose over the night he passed with low profligates and venal nymphs,—when over the fragments on the board, and emptied bottles, and drunken riot, dawn gleamed, and saw him in all the pride of his magnificent organisation and the cynicism of his measured vice—fair, fresh, and blooming amidst those maudlin eyes, and flushed cheeks, and reeling figures—laughing hideously over the spectacle he had provoked, and kicking aside with a devil's scorn the prostrate form of the favoured partner whose head had rested on his bosom, as alone with a steady step he passed the threshold, and walked into the fresh, healthful air,—Gabriel Varney enjoyed the fell triumph of his hell-born vanity, and revelled in his sentiment of superiority and power."

We may venture on some traits in another character without forfeiting our pledge and practice, not to betray the mysteries involved in works of fiction, and especially in such as the present, so dramatically conducted to a *dénouement*, and so effective at its close. But to the person in hand:

"We first saw him in sanguine and generous youth, with higher principles and clearer insight into honour than William Mainwaring. We have seen him next a spendthrift and a fugitive, his principles debased, and his honour dimmed. He presents to us no uncommon example of the corruption engendered by that vulgar self-indulgence which mortgages the morrow for the pleasures of to-day. No deity presides where prudence is absent. Man, a world in himself, requires for the development of his faculties patience, and for the balance of his actions order."

But we must conclude; and we do so with a view in which poetical genius and worldly truth are happily commingled.

"Stand, O man! upon the hill-top—in the stillness of the evening hour—and gaze, not with joyous, but with contented eyes, upon the beautiful

world around thee! See where the mists, soft and dim, rise over the green meadows through which the rivulet steals its way! See where, broadest and stillest, the wave expands to the full smile of the setting sun; and the willow that trembles on the breeze, and the oak that stands firm in the storm, are reflected back, peaceful both, from the clear glass of the tides! See where, begirt by the gold of the harvests, and backed by the pomp of a thousand groves—the roofs of the town bask noiseless in the calm glow of the sky. Not a sound from those abodes floats in discord to thine ear; only from the church-tower, soaring high above the rest, perhaps, faintly heard through the stillness, swells the note of the holy bell. Along the mead low skims the swallow; on the wave the silver circle breaking into spray shews the sport of the fish. See the Earth, how serene, though all eloquent of activity and life! See the Heavens, how benign, though dark clouds by yon mountain blend the purple with the gold! Gaze contented, for good is around thee—not joyous, for evil is the shadow of good! Let thy soul pierce through the veil of the senses, and thy sight plunge deeper than the surface which gives delight to thine eye. Below the glass of that river the pike darts on his prey; the circle in the wave, the soft plash amongst the reeds, are but signs of destroyer and of victim. In the ivy, round the oak by the margin, the owl hungers for the night, which shall give its beak and its talons living food for its young; and the spray of the willow trembles with the wing of the redbreast, whose bright eye sees the worm on the sod. Canst thou count, too, O man, all the cures, all the sins, that those noiseless roof-tops conceal? With every curl of that smoke to the sky, a human thought soars as dark—a human hope melts as briefly. And the bell from the church-tower, that to thy ear gives but music, perhaps knells for the dead. The swallow but chases the moth, and the cloud that deepens the glory of the heaven, and the sweet shadows on the earth, nurses but the thunder that shall rend the grove, and the storm that shall devastate the harvests."

But, There is another and a better world: this we live in would more resemble it were men to contribute half as much to make it happy and joyous as they do to make it miserable and odious.

On looking over what we had written for last week (though partly postponed to the present No.), we deem it necessary to observe, in addition to our general remarks, that the author in his preface distinctly states a variation made in his original conception. The broad object which he at first wished to work out against Money-making and Impatience (the grand vices of our times) was modified by his investigation of the lives of the two criminals, Varney and Lucretia; and he accordingly so far varied his plan from the analysis of their extraordinary crimes, that it was only in part, and in accidental accessories and minor characters, that he could employ his argument to enforce the declared leading principle. In short, Sir Edward points out that he had found the principal personages not quite fitting to develop his main design, and was therefore left to carry it out through inferior means. We have thought it right to say so much, because a careless or perverted view of the work might induce the erroneous opinion, that the author had not branded the guilt with human horror as well as punishment, or had in the slightest measure palliated, or even confused, the enormity of the crimes by refining on their psychological causes. The reverse is the truth.

GARDNER'S BRAZIL.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We have only to resume the thread of the memorabilia in natural history. Thus, for travelling detection in Brazil, Mr. Gardner states:

"Shortly after leaving Oeiras, we began to be much tormented by a species of tick, to which the Brazilians give the name of Carrapato. These

insects abound in dry bushy places, where they attach themselves to the slender twigs. At first they are very small (*Carrapatos miudos*), and may be seen in clusters consisting of many hundreds; these as soon as any animal passes by, and touches them, instantly adhere to it, burying their suckers so deeply into its skin, that it is only by using considerable force they can be withdrawn. If not taken off, they go on increasing in bulk till they become as large, and even larger, than a common horsebean; they even increase in size on the grass and bushes; but then have a lean flat appearance: it is to this form that the name Carrapato grande is given. Spix and Martius believe the large and small kinds to be distinct species; but I think there can be no doubt that they are the same insects in different stages; St. Hilaire is of this opinion, and so are the inhabitants themselves. It is only in the beginning of the dry season that the small Carrapato is to be found in those districts which are infested by them; but as the season advances, they gradually disappear, to be replaced by the larger ones. They attach themselves indiscriminately to all kinds of quadrupeds, but the horse and the ox suffer most from their attacks; and in very dry seasons they exist in such numbers, that whole herds of cattle perish from the exhaustion which they produce. If, however, the animal on which they live can hold out till the rains set in, it soon regains its strength, as wet is very fatal to the carrapato: I have frequently seen some of my horses that were infested by these creatures get nearly free from them after swimming across a broad river. Some horses I found were much more subject to them than others. We found the dry bushy country above Parnaguá swarming with these pests; and almost every night we had to pick hundreds of them off our bodies before we could turn into our hammocks. The men suffered more than either Mr. Walker or myself, as they were on foot, and their legs were bare from the knees downwards. When I walked out to botanise in the neighbourhood of the places where we encamped, I used generally to get completely covered with them, and had to change my dress; but by laying the infested articles in the bright sun-shine for a quarter of an hour they became fit to put on again. A favourite little ring-tailed monkey, which I obtained from an old Indian some days after we left Oeiras, also used to suffer very much from these insects. When full-grown, a large carrapato very much resembles the ripe seed of the castor-oil tree. In dragging off very large ones, the wound which is left often becomes a very bad sore. The carrapato belongs to the genus *Ixodes*, of Latreille."

Encore.—"We left early in the morning, and at a short distance from the Fazenda, crossed a small river, which was well wooded along its banks with large trees, particularly the Jatoba (*Hymenaea*). In this river, as in all those within this province, the electric eel (*Gymnotus electricus*) is very common; they are of all sizes, from a foot to six feet in length, and are frequently caught on the lines which are set for other fishes; they are sometimes eaten, but not generally; although their flesh is said to be very good. Horses as well as men, by coming in contact with them in the water, are not unfrequently thrown down by the shock which they impart; they are called by the inhabitants *tremetreme*. In rainy weather, those who fish in these rivers often receive a shock, which is communicated along the moisture upon the rod and line, when one of them happens to seize the hook. I saw one in a state of captivity, about six feet long, which was so tame that it would allow any one to put his hand upon it, and even slide for its whole length through the fingers; but if irritated in the smallest degree, by pinching it a little, however slightly, it instantly communicated a smart shock."

Monstrum horrendum, &c.—"Sometimes we visited the valley behind the house, which in several places is swampy, and abounds in a large species of palm, called *cabegudo*, the fruit of which forms the principal food of the large blue macaw, which

is very common in this district. In the marshes of this valley the boa-constrictor is often met with of considerable size: it is not uncommon throughout the whole province, particularly by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes, and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet: the largest I ever saw was at this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sapê, the favourite riding horse of Senhor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the Fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, in going through a wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa, suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water; it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length; on opening it, the bones of a horse, in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured; from these circumstances we concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes, the capacity for swallowing is prodigious: I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog nearly as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattle-snake, about four feet long and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs, one of which swelled out its sides to nearly twice the thickness of the other parts; it was still alive, and hopped away after it was liberated. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter which it has the power of secreting in its mouth. At other times we went into the forest that skirts the base of the Serra, in which the larger trees consist of a kind of mimosa, called *angica*. On their branches were to be seen numbers of a beautiful little marmoset monkey, attracted thither by a gum which this tree secretes, and of which they are very fond. Among the trees of these forests were also seen some of the large howling monkeys (*Myceles barbatus*, Spix.), which are known in Brazil by the names of *barbudo* and *guariba*: they possess immensely muscular power in their long prehensile tails; and even after being shot, and quite dead, they hang suspended by them from the branches. They generally appear in bands, making a disagreeable howling noise, particularly at an early hour in the morning. A little ring-tailed monkey (*Ateles paniscus*) is still more abundant, and is more persecuted by the fazendeiro, on account of the depredations it commits in his plantations. The cane and Indian corn-fields are those which they most frequently visit, whence they always carry off their plunder to the woods. An old negro assured me he had often seen one of these animals carry with it not less than three spikes of Indian corn,—one in its mouth, another secured by one of its arms, and a third held by its prehensile tail: I confess, however, that before placing implicit faith in this tale I must be a witness to the fact. The moist and marshy Campos produce various kinds of palm-trees, which bear large clusters of small nuts, greatly resembling miniature cocoa-nuts. When ripe, these are covered externally with a fibrous oily substance, which has a sweetish taste, and constitutes the favourite food of these little monkeys, who are no less fond of the internal part of the nut, which contains a substance similar to that found in cocoa-nuts. In several parts of the interior I had been told, that, to get at the kernel, the shell being too hard to break with their teeth, the

monkeys break them who assure such places them engage like that always can Sapê. In immediate posed of n several al large heep on a bare them a num than the fi in breaking told me, w keys for th in the low carious o seen them both can order to b teeth, I h monkey th obtained i the many reached R the specie became ve all, and, it became morning a without i was farin anything morsel, an by gently the hole and putting throwing between i out the w given to teeth, it ing it wit tempt to it would b hold in b legs, wou same tim often wat small obj its reach switch, of itself out rime w very reach interesting which the verance almost al dog that formed a two anim and it v gamboling to go eve monkey back, an velling, its face except forward the dog's tale as a the root bring J with me at Rio d one nig was sto and sol

monkeys carry the nuts to a rocky place, and then break them with a stone; and I even met with persons who assured me that they had watched them in such places, through the bushes, and actually seen them engaged in this operation. This account, like that of the carrying away of Indian corn, I always considered to be fabulous till I arrived at Sapé. In an excursion we made over the Serra, immediately behind the Fazenda, where it is composed of nearly bare, rugged, limestone peaks, in several almost inaccessible places we came upon large heaps of the broken shells of nuts, generally on a bare open part of the rock, and along with them a number of roundish pieces of stone, larger than the fist, which had evidently been employed in breaking the shells. These, Senhor Lagoeira told me, were the places resorted to by the monkeys for the purpose of breaking the nuts collected in the low grounds; and that in his shooting excursions over the mountains, he has frequently seen them take flight on his approach. That they both can and really do make use of a stone in order to break that which is too hard for their teeth, I have frequently witnessed in a little pet monkey that accompanied me on my journey; I obtained it in Piauí, and it was the only one of the many tame animals I carried with me that reached Rio de Janeiro alive; it was a female of the species we are now speaking of, and ultimately became very gentle. Jerry was the favourite with all, and, indeed, in all respects fared like ourselves: it became so fond of tea, which it drank every morning and evening, that it would not go to sleep without its usual allowance. Its favourite food was farinha, boiled rice, and bananas, but scarcely anything came amiss to it; a raw egg was a choice morsel, and on being to given it, it broke one end by gently knocking it on the floor, and completed the hole by picking off the broken bits of shell, and putting in the point of its long slender finger; throwing back its head, and holding the egg erect between its two hands, it soon contrived to suck out the whole contents. Whenever any thing was given to it that was too hard to break with its teeth, it always looked about for a stone; and lifting it with one hand, by repeated blows would attempt to crack it; if unsuccessful by these means, it would try to find a larger stone, which it would hold in both its hands, and, rising erect on its legs, would let it fall, leaping backwards at the same time to avoid any injury to its toes. I have often watched the means it employed to obtain any small object that happened to be a little beyond its reach; if it could lay its hands upon a little switch, or slender twig of any sort, it would stretch itself out as far as its cord would allow, and continue working at the object till it got it within its reach. These operations were certainly often very awkwardly performed; but they were always interesting, from the amount of reasoning power which the little animal exhibited, and the perseverance with which its object was attained. Jerry almost always rode on the back of a large mastiff dog that accompanied us, and in this manner performed a journey of several thousand miles. These two animals were greatly attached to each other, and it was often an amusing sight to see them gambolling together. Before starting, the dog used to go every morning to the place where the little monkey was tied, and wait till it was put upon its back, and its cord made fast to his collar. In travelling, it was not at all particular as to whether its face was towards the head or tail of the charger, except in going down hill, when its face was turned forwards; and to prevent itself from slipping over the dog's head, it made use of its long prehensile tale as a crupper, by coiling the extremity round the root of that of the dog. I had determined to bring Jerry with me to England; but in taking it with me to the Organ Mountains, after my arrival at Rio de Janeiro, much to my grief, it disappeared one night, and was never afterwards heard of; it was stolen, I have no doubt, by one of the slaves, and sold somewhere for a mere trifle.

"We stopped at a place called Riachão, which consisted of three houses, about a quarter of a mile distant from each other. Here, for the third time only since we left Arraryas, I was able to purchase some Indian corn for my horses; they stood in much need of it, as the pastures were now very poor, consisting of coarse dry innutritious grasses. The inhabitants of this district are so desperately lazy that they scarcely plant sufficient of any thing for their own use, notwithstanding the unlimited extent of ground that each family possesses. For several nights before we reached this place the horses were greatly annoyed by bats, which are very numerous on this Serra, where they inhabit the caves in the limestone rocks: during the night we remained at Riachão, the whole of my troop suffered more from their attacks than they had done before on any previous occasion. All exhibited one or more streams of clotted blood on their shoulders and backs, which had run from the wounds made by these animals, and from which they had sucked their fill of blood: when a small sore exists on the back of a horse they always prefer making their incision in that place. The owner of the house where we stopped informed me that he was not able to rear cattle here on account of the destruction made by the bats among the calves, so that he was obliged to keep them at a considerable distance in a lower part of the country; even the pigs did not escape their attacks. The singular creatures which are productive of so much annoyance constitute the genus *Phyllostoma*, so named from the leaf-like appendage attached to their upper lip; they are peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Paraguay and the Isthmus of Darien. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction, and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged; these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood both from man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires, of which various travellers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the new world. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre bat are of the most carnivorous character, the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three and four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood; but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, mules, pigs, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, I am led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp hooked nail of its thumb; and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue. That these bats attack man, as well as animals, is certain; for I have frequently been shewn the scars of their punctures in the toes of many who had suffered from their attacks, but I never met with a recent case. They grow to a large size, and I have killed some that measure two feet between the tips of the wings."

Adventure such as the Roman arena never witnessed: "In passing through a wooded Campo (Taboleira coberta) we came upon a large ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*) which Mr. Walker followed with the intention of shooting, but his gun missed fire; we all pursued it on foot with sticks, as none of our guns happened to be loaded. I was the first to come up with it; and being well aware of the harmless nature of its mouth, I seized it by its long snout, by which I tried to hold it, when it immediately rose up on its hind legs, and claspings me round the middle with its powerful fore paws, completely

brought me to a stand; one of the men now coming up, struck it a blow on the head with a thick stick, which brought it for an instant to the ground. Notwithstanding it was frequently stunned by the blows it received, it always raised itself again and ran off; at last I recollected the small pistols which I always carried in my jacket pocket, loaded with ball, when by the first shot through the breast it fell dead. It was a very large animal, measuring about six feet without including the tail, which, together with the long hair by which it is covered, measured full four more. It ran very slowly, owing to the peculiar organisation of its fore feet, two of the claws of which are very large and doubled up when it walks or runs, causing one side of the foot to rest on the ground. The proper, or rather principal use of these powerful claws is, to assist in obtaining the white-ant, the food on which it lives. The large clay nests of these insects are very common in those upland Campos; and when the ant-bear wants a meal, he attacks one of these hillocks with his fore claws, tears out a portion of the side, and pushes in his long slender tongue, which is covered with a viscid saliva, to which myriads of the ants adhere, and opening his little mouth he draws it in; now shutting his lips, pushes it out a second time, retaining the ants in his mouth till the tongue has been completely exerted, when he swallows them. We afterwards met with numbers of these strange looking animals."

Now, reader, have not we given you a curious and entertaining page of natural history? True! Then we will not detain you from the volume which has supplied it; but leave you to peruse there ten times more about the people, gipsies, animals, plants, fruits, scenery, &c. &c., which will both amuse and inform you, and for which you will at the end heartily thank Mr. Gardner.

GERMAN LITERATURE AND ART.

[Conclusion of the *Walthalla*.]

WHAT would the following phrases of Tacitus be like, if rendered word for word into English or German? "Cibi simplices, agrestia poma, recensa fera, aut lac concretum." "In omni domo nudi ac sordidi in hos artus, in hæc corpora, quæ miramur, excrescunt." "Ceteris servis, non in nostrum morem, descriptis per familiam ministeriis, utuntur." "Verberare servum, ac vinculis et opere coercere, rarum." "Argentum et aurum propitii an irati Dii negaverint, dubito." Yet the prose of his Majesty abounds in such sentences as these: a similar order of the words is what he strives after. The genius of the Latin tongue permits such a construction; as we read, we admire the force and conciseness with which the facts related are presented to us; but is that a reason why we should adapt the same peculiar form to a language which is so totally different, even in its grammar, without taking into account the other innumerable circumstances inimical to such a proceeding? The spirit of the language too, as well as its outward form, is opposed to it. In every way, therefore, it would be unnatural.

This most strange deviation from every hitherto practised and received mode of writing German surprises us the more in his Majesty of Bavaria, as he is so anxious to banish from the language all words of foreign growth, and to supply their place by others of home manufacture.† He even lays weight on a particular orthography in certain words, which he enforces by his example, and, when able to do so, by his authority. That he, in common with every educated German, should feel a repugnance at the jargon too often heard in German society, and found in such novels as the Countess Hahn Hahn produces, we can very well under-

* Owing to an accident with the concluding ms. of this Review of the work of the King of Bavaria, we have been unable to finish it till now: and we must therefore beg our readers to refresh their memories by reference to the preceding portions in the *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 1550, 1551, and 1555.

† Such as Fernforschung (telescope), Urdichter, Ichheit.

stand; and most praiseworthy is the effort to oppose the inroad this affectation is daily making. But, we would ask, is not peculiarity of form the prerogative of every language? and does not each bear in this particular the impress of nationality as much as in the words themselves? And surely by forcing it to assume a shape it was neither fitted for by nature nor by art, its distinctive character, that essential attribute, most necessarily be lost; and thus it is in the book before us, what the king says of the writings of Wilhelm Heinse may, with perfect justice, be applied to his own. "The German, when he reads his works, wonders at his own language, and is surprised."* And well may he be so!

Let it be thought we exaggerate in our remarks on the King of Bavaria's German style, we shall do our best to give a few translations from his book; and we add the passages in the original for two reasons:—first, because we consider them as "Curiosities of Literature;" and secondly, because without such vouchers for our correctness every reader would pronounce it to be incredible.

Let us begin.† WILLIAM HEINSE. "Of low birth and ignorant were Heinse's parents, who Heinse is here meant, not the parents, as every one would naturally suppose, versed in the classics learned at his native Thuringer high-school, mostly however in the highest— that of life."

For Italy longed he, and both were fitted for each other; and it is only a pity that, wholly taken up with earthly things, what was heavenly remained closed not to him. When three years had been passed there, he entered the magnanimous Elector of Mayence, Charles Frederick von Erthal's service, whose collaborator he became later.†

KANT. "Born of poor parents, Kant was in his childhood left principally to himself, hence his development was slow; he learnt and taught in Königsberg, from which place he never got farther than seven miles. . . . The delights of feeling were unknown to him; heaven too was closed against him, being a foe to fancy; music, the friend of man, he did not like, but mathematics, on the contrary, he greatly liked; and as to metaphysical sagacity, he possessed it like no other of his time."§

MOZART. "When only three years old, Mozart displayed voluntaries on the piano; he composed in his sixth, and in his fourteenth already (he having been begged to do so) he wrote an opera for Milan. At that time he travelled only to exhibit his performance on the piano; the approbation of competent judges, in an extraordinary degree was bestowed upon his playing [sell to his playing—ward seinem Spiele]; he then first appeared as composer, after he had been in France, England, and twice in Italy."||

Es erstaunt, seine Werke lesend, der Deutsche über seine Sprache, wird (und wie anders noch, als in Bürger's) überascht."—*Walhalla* Genosse, p. 338.

† The words in italic are added by us to make the translation intelligible. If read without the words thus inserted, a fair specimen is offered of the style of the original. Indeed, we have inclined rather to improve the royal phrases than to add to their deformity.

§ "Geringen Standes, unwissend, Heinse's Aeltern, welcher, die classischen Sprachen inne, auf seiner heimathlichen Thuringer Hochschule lernte, am meisten jedoch auf der höchsten—der des Lebens. . . . Nach Italien schickte es ihn, beyde waren für einander, schone dass er nur von irdischen durchdrungen, das Himmlische ihm verschlossen blieb. Drey Jahre da gelebt, kam er in des grossmüthigen Churfürsten von Maynz, Karl Friederich's von Erthal Dienst, später dessen Bibliothekar."—*Walhalla Genosse*, p. 338.

|| Von armen Aeltern geboren, blieb Kant in seiner Kindheit meist sich selber überlassen, entwickelte sich langsam; lernte und lehrte in Königsberg, kam nie weiter als sieben Meilen. . . . Des Gehüles Seligkeit blieb ihm fremd, verschlossen der Himmel, Feind der Phantasie, Musik (die Freundin der Menschen) mochte er nicht, Mathematik hingegen sehr, metaphysischen Scharfsinnes, wie kein Anderer seiner Zeit."—*Ibid.* p. 242.

¶ Drey Jahre alt, phantastisch bereits Mozart auf dem Klaviere, compoosirte ihn, sephaten, in vierzehnten schon (darum erachtet) eine Oper für Mailand. Er reiste damals eigentlich nur, sich auf dem Klaviere hören zu lassen; Kennerbeyfall, ausserordentlicher ward seinem Spiele; erst dann als Komponist (Goswiler), nachdem er in Frankreich, England und zweimal in Italien. p. 242.

It is well worth while to give a few characteristic specimens of the style in which the book before us is written; where the construction is inverted, and where the use of the present participle of the verbs, which the King is so fond of employing, can be shewn to advantage.

FREDERICK THE GREAT. "Guter Geschichtschreiber, Dichter nicht, wie viele Verse er auch geschrieben, war er."*

GOETHE. "Mit Goethe erlosch der vier Sterne, welche in Weimar geleuchtet, letzter."†

VON STEIN. "Vermitteln, halbe massregeln, seine Sache nicht, wollte entscheiden, wie sein Charakter, durchgreifen, nicht schonend verfahren gegen die mit Deutschlands Feind es haltenden deutschen Fürsten. . . . Umwege seinem Wesen fremd, gerade aufs Ziel, barsch im Wort und That, wo es durchführung seiner Ansichten betraf, was sie jedoch nicht immer förderte."‡

RAPHAEL MENGES. "Viel technisches Talent besass er, Genie mangelte ihm; Seelenausdruck, in Italiens Meistern von Raphael vorherrschend, in diesem in seinen früheren Werken am herrlichsten, fehlt Menges, und seine Compositionen meistens nur dieses Worts buchstäbliche Uebersetzung: Zusammenstellung; dennoch des xviii. Jahrhunderts rühmlichst ausgezeichnetster Maler, nicht bloss seines Volkes, sondern aller."§

In the use of the participle we have the following. "An dieselbe Stelle des durch sechs Feuersbrünste gewaltig gelitten habenden hölzernen Dorns," &c. &c.¶ And again, speaking of the number of busts in the Walhalla: "Später wurde die Zahl vermehrt, dann auf keine beschränkt und nur rühmlich ausgezeichnetster Teutscher, fühlend, dass sagen zu wollen, welche die rühmlichsten, Anmassung wäre, wie denn es auch zu behaupten, dass es keine gäbe, die eben so verdienen, in Walhalla aufgenommen zu seyn, und mehr noch als manche, die es sind."¶ And again: "Wie wenn das Auge ein unbekanntes holdes Land erblickt, so ist dem Bürger's Werke lesenden Teutschen."** Speaking of all that Frederick the Great did for his country: "Und dies nach dem, seinen Staat grässlich mitgenommen, zum Theil verwüstet habenden langen Krieg."††

In conclusion, we give an entire notice of one of the heroes of Walhalla, in which nearly all the peculiarities of King Louis's style will be found combined. We do not apologise for the number of specimens we have thought fit to quote, for they were absolutely necessary to exemplify the work in question.

* ULRICH VON HÜTTEN.

Ritter, Dichter, Gelehrter.
Geboren in der Burg Stickleb, 1488.
Gestorben auf der Insel Ufenau, 1525.

Stürmisch war Ulrich von Hütten, und Sturm sein Leben; vom Unglück verfolgt, dennoch keine Klugheit lernend; reis'te immer, litt Schiffbruch, ward beraubt, verwundet, von der (auch ohne Berührung damals ansteckenden) Lustsuche nie verlassen, auf dem Siechbette fast von allem entblösst, dann in prächtiger Kleidung am üppigen Hofe Churfürst's Albrecht von Brandenburg zu Maynz, als sein Gesandter bey'm französischen; bald zerrissen zu Fusse wandernd, beynahe Bettler, mehrmalen in Kriegsdiensten (stets tapfer), als gemeiner Söldner in dem Padua belagernden Heere Kaiser Maximilian's I. von ihm auf dem Reichstage eigenhändig als Dichter gekrönt, mit dessen Enkel Kaiser Karl V. gegen Frankreich im Feld, befand sich in des Lebens verschiedensten Lagen Ulrich von Hütten. Ein Teutscher, freyer Gelehrter, freyer Reichsritter, das war er, und so Keiner. Glühend für die Reformation wollte er, da es ihm zu langsam ging, sammt Franz von Sickingen, mit dem Schwerte sic durchsetzen. Als diesen den Tod getroffen, gab es für Ulrich von Hütten kein sicheres Obdach mehr. Auf der Insel Ufenau im Züricher See Heilung suchend, fand er sein Grab. Lätinischer Sprache fast Alles, was er schrieb in

gebundener und ungebundener Rede; in letzterer classisch, ein gewaltig mit sich fortreisender Glutstrom. Unedel die Wahrheit verbergen, jede Rücksicht müsse schweigen, selber das Land nicht gesocht werden; dies äusserte, darnach handelte Hütten. Was ihm wahr schien, sollte dem ganzen Vaterlande so scheinen; fand schmäblich, wenn es nicht, wie er selbst, davon ergriffen wurde."*

These extracts are enough to serve as specimens of the style to which we allude; and even were they not sufficient, we could give no more, for it positively discomposes us to be obliged to peruse and copy them. The sentences are like what we may suppose the body of a malefactor to be who has been broken upon the wheel. They are among the most remarkable of Literary Curiosities; and it is quite inconceivable how any educated person, capable of appreciating the works of his country's best authors, can even himself endure such monstrous diction. Goethe is here praised for his "surpassing clearness;" Bürger for the "masterly application" of his mother tongue, "hence his place in Walhalla." Thus we see that the King of Bavaria does appreciate writing which all men pronounce good; he praises another for his clearness, and yet labours himself, for it cannot come naturally, to produce phrases which are well nigh unintelligible.† That he does so is the more to be regretted, as the sentiments to which he here gives utterance are worthy to be read and understood. In such short sketches as are appended to each name, one does not, of course, expect either new matter or original thought; but what is said is, when comprehended, found to be to the purpose, and always displays much good feeling; the words of praise, too, are ever hearty and sincere.

Humboldt, in the introductory remarks to the great work which he has just given to the world, expresses his sense of the high privilege he possesses in being able "to draw from the depths of a language" which for centuries has exercised such influence as his own mother tongue. And every page of *Kosmos* bears testimony to this feeling; inasmuch as he has been careful not to abuse the privilege of which he is so justly proud. All is lucid and well ordered; and one might as successfully look for confusion in the system of the universe as in this book, where the secret laws of nature are so wonderfully illustrated.

As those arches which the ancients erected in honour of their triumphant generals are looked upon, in later days, not merely as records of victory, but, from the beauty of the remaining forms, as monuments of art, so too may this work of Humboldt serve a double purpose: a memorial not only of what science could accomplish, but also of what that language was capable, which he considered it a peculiar blessing to call his own.

It is a pity that the King of Bavaria, who has erected a temple to all those great men "speaking the German tongue," should not, in his degree, have endeavoured to do the same: the opportunity was a good one. Nor does it seem a little strange, that a book meant to illustrate the heroes of the Walhalla—those very men who, above all, must be thoroughly German in order to gain admittance—should be as un-German as it is well possible to make it.

But we must conclude. The King of Bavaria has shewn himself an enthusiastic lover of art: the works, so numerous and so grand a scale, which he has called into existence throughout the country, attest it fully. We are well aware that the expediency of spending such vast sums for a particular purpose has been often questioned. But with this we have nothing to do. We are told that his judgment in matters of art is a correct one; if so, he might perhaps prove more success-

* p. 131.

† Be it remarked, *en passant*, that the language of his Majesty in conversation is like that of other men, and quite free from all those peculiarities which are here taken notice of,—as, we are able to assert from personal experience.

* p. 232. † p. 268. ‡ p. 264. § p. 216. ¶ p. 95. ** Pref. p. vi. †† p. 233.

ful in using the pencil than the pen; for as one of "the brotherhood" he cannot possibly be admitted. The witty remark of Lord Chesterfield, that a certain person of his acquaintance was a wit among lords, but only a lord among wits, may, with a trifling change, be applied to his Majesty of Bavaria. Of him too it may be said, that though among kings he may be considered an author, by authors he certainly will only be looked upon as a king.*

The Buonaparte Letters, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

A MONTH ago (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1555) we indicated the appearance of this publication; and from internal evidence, and our not groundless suspicions of French Memoirs and Correspondence, expressed our doubts of its authenticity. How the private cabinet of Napoleon could have come into the possession of an anonymous editor, and no explanation offered of the extraordinary circumstance, were enough to create more than question; and as question has been asked in vain, we think the wisest course we can take (in the absence of all information) is to state, that the documents printed purport to be "secret, confidential, and official," copied from "the originals," written by Buonaparte during his Italian campaigns, 1796-7. There is a great deal of filling up with what is old and sufficiently well-known; but if the New were the True, there would be enough in the volumes to recommend them to general public attention. The letters, pretending to be penned by Buonaparte himself, try to imitate a number of characteristic strokes; but the entire style is widely different from his known epistolary productions; and so we retreat from their criticism in cloud and darkness.

The White Stone Canoe; or, The Better Land. By Percy B. St. John, author of "The Trapper's Bride," "The Eagle's Nest," &c. Pp. 159. H. K. Lewis.

Of a literary descent, our young author has already published the two small volumes mentioned above, descriptive of Red Indian life, and animated with much spirit. In the present tale, besides Indians, we have Europeans, Mexicans, and Negroes, and such moving adventures literally by flood and field, that the youthful reader, at any rate, must be captivated with the hairbreadth 'scapes and conduct to the catastrophe.

Bogue's European Library.

The latest volume is a double attraction, having the life of M. Angelo by Duppa, and of Raffaele by Quatremère de Quincy, within one cover.

Napier's Second Volume of Florentine History. Moxon. CONTINUES the work in the same rapid style with the first. We have been accustomed to such very long and minute accounts of the Italian states in the middle ages, and for centuries after their emergence into diffusing and diffused light, that, notwithstanding its extent, the present work has often the appearance of a summary of events, and mere notice of prominent persons.

Fatal Christianity, &c. By Alex. Vinet, D.D. Translated by R. Turnbull, Boston. Pp. 323. London and Glasgow: W. Collins.

The essays of the Professor of Theology at Lausanne, and a very popular preacher.

The Obligations of the World to the Bible. By Gardner Spring, D.D., New York. Pp. 320. The same.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the publisher's series of religious works, now so prevalent in the Old World and the New. In the last, we observe, Dr. Spring contends that among the other obligations of mankind to the Bible, they owe the benefit of that sacred book sanctioning slavery, which he therefore maintains is a divine dispensation; for "the Bible is no agitator."

* The Journals have recently stated that His Majesty has set up a Newspaper, which he is to edit himself. We hope he will copy this critique from the *Literary Gazette* into it.—*Ed. L. G.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

PHOSPHATE of lime, although insoluble in water, penetrates plants, and is deposited in their tissues. Bones which contain it crumble on the soil and disappear under the influence of rain-water. These facts have engaged the attention of M. Dumas; and he attributes them to two causes,—one interfering rarely and weakly, the other always and with remarkable intensity. The first is the influence of ammonia on the solution of the phosphate; the second is the action of carbonic acid, which M. Dumas thinks is the true solvent of phosphate of lime. In fact, water charged with carbonic acid does dissolve great quantities of this salt. Slices of ivory placed in Seltzer-water were softened in twenty-four hours, and the water charged with the whole of the phosphate of lime of the ivory. This property, M. Dumas states, explains the transfer of phosphate of lime into plants. It shows how advantageous it would be to water plants with water charged, by means of carbonic acid, with phosphate of lime; it explains how bones fall to pieces and dissolve, exposed on the soil to the prolonged influence of rain-water charged with carbonic acid; it explains, too, how bones, in the animal economy, may re-dissolve, acted upon by venous blood, rich in carbonic acid; it accounts for the necessity of enamel for the teeth, the fluoride of calcium it contains protecting the osseous substance from the action of the carbonic acid discharged from the lungs, and dissolved by the saliva, which, besides being alkaline by this property, is the more fitted to neutralise this dangerous effect. May not the habitual use of Seltzer-water be serviceable in cases of gravel and calculi of phosphates of lime? In fine, is it not evident that bodies so extensive in organic nature as carbonic acid and phosphate of lime, ought to re-act upon each other under a crowd of circumstances, and give rise to very varied phenomena of solution and precipitation?

AMMONIA CONVERTED INTO NITRIC ACID.

WHEN a current of damp air, mixed with ammonia, passes over chalk, moistened with a solution of potash, the temperature being raised to 100°, there will be found, at the end of some days, a notable quantity of nitrate of potash. This experiment, which accords with all the works of M. Kuhlmann on nitrification, was suggested to M. Dumas, by observations which he had recently made on the conversion of sulphuretted hydrogen into sulphuric acid.

PHYSIOLOGY.

M. MICHAUD, playing with his dog, threw to him, at different times during a period of twelve years, different pieces of money; the dog swallowed successively a five-franc piece, and a large bell-metal sou, which did not inconvenience the animal in the least, either at the time or later. The dog died a few days ago, and M. Michaud had him opened, and found in his stomach, mixed with the debris of the last meal, the two pieces of money. The five-franc piece, the surface of which was not sensibly altered, weighed only 23½ grains instead of 25 gr.; the large sou, become very thin, was covered with a black substance, probably sulphuret of copper, and weighed only 5½ grains, instead of 20 grains. It is probable that had the dog lived a little longer, the sou would have disappeared altogether, without producing the least injury to the stomach.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 10th.—Mr. Stapleton, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Repton's beautiful drawings of Norwich Cathedral, purchased by the Society nearly forty years since, were exhibited. They excited much interest, from their elaborate and complete execution, and display of architectural and artistic

skill. A brief descriptive paper by Mr. Repton was read by the secretary.

Mr. Lott communicated extracts from the City of London archives, relative to the arrangements made in the city for the reception of the funeral procession of the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. The contributions from the various wards for garnishing the streets, &c., afforded some interesting information, and details for comparing the state of the wards in those days with their relative importance at the present time. The ward of Blanche Appleton, long since abolished, Mr. Lott stated was in the vicinity of Mark Lane, and composed chiefly of foreigners.

The chairman then gave notice from the chair, that, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. Way, the society would, on the 7th of January, elect a member to fill his place in the council, and also the office of Director; and that the member selected by the council for recommendation to the society for election into the vacant place and office was Capt. W. H. Smyth.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

November 27th, Public Meeting.—Nine new associates were announced. Mr. Rogers exhibited six figures bearing shields carved in oak, from designs by Holbein, from the great chimney-piece in the hall of the priory, Reigate. Mr. Bell, of Gateshead, exhibited some old astronomical instruments, in further illustration of a subject which had been discussed at a former meeting; and Mr. Newton made some observations upon them. Mr. W. Harvey, of Lewes, exhibited, through Mr. Smith, casts of a gold British coin, and two Saxon coins (the latter rare specimens of the coinage of Bishop Plegmund and of King Athelstan), found on the South Downs and in Romney marsh. Mr. Chaffers exhibited a Saxon brooch of lead, found in 1844, in Bird and Hand Court, London; and Mr. Smith exhibited one exactly similar found at York, and preserved in the cabinet of Mr. Hargrove of that city. Mr. Saul exhibited a small urn, well-made, and in tolerable preservation; a comb formed of two flat pieces of bone, with a triangular end, the latter ornamented with groups of small circles; and a Roman copper coin; all found at Godmanchester, near Huntingdon,—the presumed site of the Roman station of Durolopon. Mr. Saul gave an account of the remarkable earth-works, &c. at Godmanchester; and stated his opinion, formed on the reports of the country-people, that numerous remarkable antiquities were frequently turned up there and thrown away. He hoped in the spring to have an opportunity of making investigations. Mr. Smith pointed out the necessity of having active associates all over the island, that objects of this kind should not perish for want of intelligent observation; and he gave it as his opinion that the articles exhibited by Mr. Saul were late Roman.

Mr. Hunt, of Ipswich, exhibited, through Mr. Wright, a deed of the beginning of the seventeenth century, with a fine impression of the old seal of the City of London attached. Mr. Carlos stated that the seal was the one still in use. He said that the document was the copy of an indenture, attested by a notary public, to which was added a certificate by the lord mayor of the time, that the person attesting the copy was a notary; the whole being passed under the seal of the office of mayoralty.

Mr. Syer Cuming read a long and interesting paper on weapons and armour formed of horn, illustrated by a number of specimens of such weapons on the table, and a series of drawings suspended on the walls of the room of meeting. He pointed out, in the course of his observations, that the earlier forms of almost every kind of weapon, even though made of metal, were evidently imitations of the forms of the horns of different animals. The earlier Greek bow seems to have been made of two goats' horns fixed into a central piece. The horns of antelopes and goats are still used in the

East for the purpose of making bows. The horns of animals are still manufactured, in some parts of the world, into cutting and stabbing instruments; and various evidence was pointed out to shew that the same materials were used for such weapons among several peoples of antiquity. Mr. Chaffers possesses a tool made of the horn of a fallow deer, which appears to have been a kind of pickaxe: it was found in excavations in London. Mr. Bateman had discovered, in a barrow, a hammer made from the thick part of the base of the stag's horn. A race of itinerant boxers in India, known by the name of Shattris, use a formidable fist or boxing-glove made of horn, into which they slip their hands, and with which they strike down their antagonists. In the latter portion of his paper, Mr. Cumming gave a variety of instances of the use of armour made of bone.

This paper gave rise to a long and animated discussion, in which a part was taken by Messrs. Newton, Fairholt, Williams, Wright, Saul, Carlos, Waller, &c. Mr. Newton said that some of the observations made by Mr. Cumming explained to him several things connected with the early history of armorial bearings which he did not so well understand before.

Mr. Browne exhibited a portfolio of antiquarian drawings, accompanied with some brief observations. One of these was a sketch of a carved stone, now placed in the wall of the chapter-house at Bristol. The subject appears to be Christ delivering souls from purgatory; it was found beneath the pavement of the chapter-house soon after the late riots, when the bishop's palace was so wilfully destroyed. Another drawing represented some portions of Bristol Castle, discovered by Mr. Browne in a passage in Castle Street. Amongst the others were a few drawings made in the forest of Dean, "a district," as Mr. Browne observes, "particularly rich in objects of antiquarian interest, which have been little explored. Most of the churches are exceedingly ancient, and some of them decorated with beautiful tombs; market and other crosses are to be met with, and in two of the villages the stocks and whipping-posts, as well as the May-poles, are still remaining. The district is very picturesque, the high hills being generally covered with wood; and on the tops of many are the remains of British and Roman camps. Near Coleford, on a lofty eminence, is a large stone, called the Buck stone: I made a careful examination of this remarkable object, and am inclined to think that it has not been lifted into its present position, but that advantage has been taken of the crop up of the stone, and then art and labour used to reduce it to its present form. The charcoal-burners' huts in the forest, and the boats of the fishermen of the River Wye, are singularly primitive in construction. Many extensive workings of old mines are pointed out by the inhabitants as Roman, and the particular laws and remains of ancient customs observed in this neighbourhood are very curious."

A drawing of the triangular arch recently discovered at Colchester was also upon the table, and drew observations from Messrs. C. Bailey, A. White, and others. Mr. Bailey said that the present example proved that the triangular head was a distinguishing characteristic of Saxon architecture; because, if it had not been a form in great favour, they would not have used it in a place like this, and of bricks, where it was only kept up by the great strength of the cement. Mr. White looks upon it as a rude attempt at representing the Roman portico. He said that it was of the greatest importance that the tower should be further examined. It was curious that Colchester was one of the places where the making of bricks after the Roman fashion was kept up down to a late period.

Mr. Pettigrew impressed on the members the necessity of getting together as many associates as possible, as by that means the association will be enabled to increase the number of illustrations in their journal, and thus interesting objects like the

one just described could be better made known to the public.

Mr. Powell, of the Mint, exhibited a medieval coining-die found in the North Riding of Yorkshire; and Mr. Pretty, of Northampton, exhibited two fine Roman armillæ of bronze; but the paper illustrative of this latter subject, with a number of others, was reserved for the next meeting.

Dec. 9th, Meeting of Council.—Seven associates were elected. Mr. Carruthers presented a drawing of a fine and uncommon variety of the gold torques found at Carrickfergus. Mr. Norris presented *fac-similes* of a set of roundels, decorated with various fruits, surrounded with rhyming mottoes.

Mr. Lukis communicated an account of the discovery at Caumartin, near Crecy, of a richly-decorated iron coffer, filled with rose nobles of Edward III., and other coins. It was illustrated by a drawing of the coffer which is now in the possession of Mr. Elisha Tupper, of Guernsey.

Discoveries of coins were reported as follows:—by Mr. C. T. Smythe, pennies of Henry III. and of William of Scotland, near Maidstone; by Monsieur de Gerville, Gaulish coins, to the amount of some hundreds, at Avranches; by Mr. Harvey, gold British coins, from the South Downs, near Lewes.

An account of further excavations, made by Mr. Baker, of Watercombe, on the site of the Roman villa at Lilly-horn, Gloucestershire, was laid before the meeting. It appeared that in addition to the remains formerly discovered, seven more rooms have been opened, and various antiquities brought to light.

Mr. M. F. Tupper reported the finding of some gold rings and a British coin, near Albury, Surrey, but which had unfortunately been melted by an ignorant jeweller at Guildford.

Mr. Gilman forwarded, for exhibition, some ingots of tin, stamped with the royal mark, a rose surmounted by a crown, lately procured from a vessel wrecked off Whitstulle, it is presumed in the time of Elizabeth. With them were some stone shot, a knife stamped with a *fleur-de-lis*, a round-toed shoe, and a slashed silk jacket.

A member stated that the interesting ruins of Crewkerne abbey, Somersetshire, had been in part pulled down, and that the remainder was about to be destroyed by the proprietor, for building purposes. It was also mentioned in the room, that the Booth Hall, at Gloucester, which had excited so much attention during the late congress of the Association, had been given up by the corporation to be demolished; but as the report had not been authenticated, the discussion was postponed: we presume for further information on the subject.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 12th.—The meetings of the Society for the session 1846-7 commenced this day. The Secretary concluded the reading of a paper by Prof. Ulrichs, "On the topography of the harbours of Athens," translated by E. K. Colquhoun, Esq., which was begun at the meeting of June 11th. The present reading contained numerous details, embodying the personal observations of the learned writer, and further developing his peculiar theory on this difficult subject. This theory, which is opposed to the views of the highest previous authorities on Athenian topography, embraces the following opinions respecting the three celebrated Athenian harbours: That the largest, properly of Piræus, was divided into two parts, viz. the Emporium, or commercial harbour, and that designed for ships of war, called Cantharus; that the present Pashalemani, called by modern writers Munychia, was not Munychia, but the great naval arsenal Zea; and lastly, that the Phanari, considered by the same authorities the Phalerian harbour, was really that called Munychia, and was the third dockyard or naval arsenal.

Some observations were communicated by Mr. Cullimore on the nomenclature of the planets, and

on the name which might consistently be given to the planet lately discovered by Le Verrier.

Nov. 26th.—The Secretary read a short paper, by Mr. J. Landseer, "On the Persepolitan inscriptions." Mr. Landseer's remarks bore particular reference to Major Rawlinson's learned work on the inscriptions at Baghistân. He doubts the propriety of the terms "arrow-headed" and "cuneiform," applied to the characters on the Sabaean cylinders, and on the bricks of Babylon, inasmuch as these characters bear only a very imperfect resemblance either to the Persian or Parthian arrow-barbs, or to wedges. But they all, he contends, resemble *notches*, cut on the flat sides, on the edges, and angles of slips of wood, or "talies." It was shewn by a slip of wood, thus variously notched, that all the elementary varieties of the Assyrian, Persian, and other cognate characters, are easily obtained in this manner; nor can they, without difficulty, be obtained by any other means, unless, in their elementary types, by *punching*, as those metallic ingots were stamped, which some have considered primitive money. Mr. Landseer, in conclusion, adverted to the great number of the characters said to be comprised in the alphabets in which the characters in question are employed; that which Major Rawlinson says he has especially studied containing about 100; the celebrated inscribed slab in the library of the Hon. East India Company, more than double that number, &c.; and he suggested the probability that each group of notches, like the characters in the Chinese language, may be a word, or at least a monosyllable, of which two or three might sometimes go to the formation of a word.

The Secretary likewise commenced reading an extract from a memoir, by Prof. Zumpt, "On the continuity of the Schools of Philosophy at Athens, and the succession of the scholararchæ," translated by Mr. Hill. This was a paper replete with profound learning and research, on a topic of great interest for the scholar and historian: we, however, defer our report of its contents till the reading has been completed.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

On Tuesday Dr. J. Lee made a verbal communication on certain coins illustrative of the numismatology of the New Testament. Several donations of books were made; and, on the occasion of Mr. Cullimore presenting a copy of a memoir by the Rev. E. Hincks, D.D., "On the first and second kinds of Persepolitan Writing," Dr. Lee stated from the chair that Major Rawlinson had expressed his total concurrence in, and admiration of, the system pursued by that learned scholar in his endeavours to decipher these writings.

Dr. Platé made a verbal communication upon the French survey of the country between Egypt and Arabia, in continuation of Mr. Sharpe's explanation of the passage of the Israelites across the ancient bay of Heroopolis, opposing certain details in that survey to various points in the supposed, or admitted, former extension of the Red Sea in a north-westerly direction. This communication was illustrated by a map on a large scale. Mr. Ainsworth read a notice of maps and diagrams kindly presented to the society by Miss F. Corbux, illustrative of the anti-historical and of the ancient and modern condition of the same country. Miss F. Corbux adopted Mr. Lyell's geological theory of alternate elevations and subsidences; and by the assistance of this theory, fully explained the different condition of the country when the Pelusiac branch of the Nile flowed into the Red Sea and the Mediterranean at the same time, when this was succeeded by an artificial canal, and when the gradual elevation of the land separated the Bitter Lakes and the Bay of Heroopolis from the Gulf of Suez. These communications were followed by a lively discussion, in which Mr. Sharpe, Dr. Beke, Mr. Scoles, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Loaden took part.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE
ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnaean, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Philological, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The two vacant places for A.R.A., not filled up on the annual day appointed by the charter, and hitherto observed for such elections, we believe without a departure, have by an *ex-post* operation been deservedly assigned to Mr. W. E. Frost and Mr. P. F. Poole, whose works in recent exhibitions have well entitled them to any distinction the Academy could confer. We had been informed of the cause of the imperfect performance of the accustomed duties at the anniversary—the secretary not having obtained the necessary diplomas with the Queen's signature; and it was then considered that no farther election could take place till next year. The difficulty, however, seems to have been somehow got over; and thus the list of the members and associates completed.* At a time when the Academy has been called on to exercise an important public function upon a question of art, it is worthy of remark that we have looked into all the almanacs, directories, annuals, and other sources for that kind of information to which we could refer, and have been unable to discover any list of this noted and influential body!

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

MR. C. J. RICHARDSON, during twelve months one of the evening masters of the Head Government School of Design, has addressed a letter to the Council, in which he points out what he deems to be errors in the system of instruction adopted in that establishment. We do not know whether, or how far, similar principles and practices prevail in the provincial schools throughout the country; but as the subject is one of prime importance to our national arts and manufactures, we consider it may be a public service to bring Mr. Richardson's leading remarks under notice. After alluding to his long experience, and other prefatory matters, he proceeds to offer his testimony in opposition (as he declares) "to a system which offers instruction in the arts only in an academic or theoretical manner to those who have neither time nor resources to avail themselves of such a boon,—to those whose necessities require the union of practical results with every development of theory, and whose occupations and exigencies render the shortest and plainest road to their object the best." The application of the arts to manufactures he then lays down to be of the utmost consequence to young men in humble life, though to their teachers the lowest branch of professional practice; and continues:

"The pupils of the school are selected out of a class who have to live by their daily labour, as operative artisans. The ultimate object proposed is, or at any rate it should be so, to teach each pupil the artistic part of his particular business. We all agree that the first step should be to give him a good knowledge of drawing. This should be his grammar: no man can correctly express his sentiments till he has a sound knowledge of his accidence; no one can correctly place his ideas of form on paper till he can draw correctly. But for all the purposes we profess, twelve months' instruction would be ample. Our practical course should then commence; our pupil should be encouraged to bring his shop patterns, the drawings he works from, no matter how dirty, provided they relate practically to his business. He should then, with

the assistance the school would give, be taught to draw them again, and to mark the difference. If he has no such drawings, they should be supplied by the school: they do not require to be elaborate; a few dark lines, such as many theoretical persons would treat with contempt, are, in the early stages, of more use to the class of students with whom we have to do, than the most exquisite Italian drawings. We have silversmiths, chasers, masons, lamp-makers, cabinet-makers, brass-founders, among the students. I need not remark upon the interest a young man would naturally feel in those matters that form his daily business; but I would ask whether his feelings of emulation would not receive an additional impulse when he found he was in the way to elevate himself in his business, to be of more use to his employer, and to receive better wages? A young man of but little ability might be made something of by a course of practical instruction; had he ever so great abilities, he cannot make much progress without it."

Having submitted these fundamental data, he states that "the young men look for this kind of instruction, are perpetually asking for it, and are disappointed in not obtaining it; and this is the reason that we find, as the Report of 1845 and 1846 will shew, the average attendance of the evening pupils is but eleven months, and that only one has remained three or four years. This latter period is the minimum time each should remain who wished at all to excel."

Mr. R. contends against the notion that the young men should be made mere copyists, and not encouraged to improve their skill in design in the arts or trades to which they are devoted; and by way of example relates:

"One of my pupils, a young man, a master ironmonger, requested me to shew him how to draw an ornamental stove front. He had been some time in the School of Design, and was a good draughtsman. I accordingly set him to work, when the director interfered, took the young man under his own tuition, placed before him an elevation of the Temple of Theseus, from Stuart, and directed him to copy it by a scale of modules and minutes. In a few evenings the young man left the school. By the same system my three classes of ornamental drawing, architecture, and perspective lost, in the middle of the season, from ten to fifteen of the senior pupils, who would willingly have remained had they been allowed such a course of study as could have been practically applied to their several businesses. And thus it is the school is filled only with lads; the system drives away the artisan, and can only be of service to the young student of a class above that which the school is intended to benefit: it is not even successful here, for the numbers in the advanced classes have dwindled sadly within the last twelve months, and the work of the masters has been in inverse ratio to that expected of them."

This is a disheartening statement, and the Gerwert Institution at Berlin is cited to shew the advantage of pursuing the opposite course, as recommended by the House of Commons' committee for imitation in England.

The positions of the Director and the Masters, both in regard to rank and emolument, is next animadverted upon; but we need not farther refer to it than to mention the result as given in the writer's own words:

"That no motive power is allowed to operate in the school which would insure the decided progress of the pupils—the principle of instruction being purely one of copyism, supposed to lead towards a theoretical system of high art, tends more in reality to create a secondary class of artists than to supply the known deficiency of manufacturing draughtsmen."

"With regard to the pupils, a class of design, over which the masters should equally preside, should be formed, and the students permitted to enter it after twelve months' elementary instruction. I repeat it, we are at present a mere school

for copyists, and not at all a school of design. A middle class should be formed for the higher academic branches of art, as painting, whether in oil, fresco, or tempera, study from the life, &c.;—into this the pupils of the class of design should enter from time to time for further improvement. The elementary ornamental class, which will always be the largest in the school, should have a much better selection of casts and examples. The majority of subjects supplied me to place before the pupils are chiefly mere theoretical German and French prints and lithographs, with a few Roman and French casts;—of Grecian ornaments, the purest, chastest, and most beautiful of all forms, we have not five examples, although the British Museum would furnish us with a vast collection of casts of the very highest character. Every encouragement should be offered, and every inducement held out to the pupils, to do their utmost for the annual exhibitions. Could but a generous spirit of emulation be excited among the pupils, and particularly in what I contend the true objects of the school, the development of original genius, and its application to practical purposes, the annual exhibition, which I submit should be opened gratuitously to the public for several weeks during each vacation, would draw together the manufacturers from all parts of the kingdom to view it. The names of the pupils would be thus brought before the men likely to employ them, and those who had abilities would be certain, at least, of independence; and in many cases a higher class than the manufacturing tradesmen would be ready to patronise and reward the young designer."

Some comments on the poverty of the exhibition of this year—a "mere collection of academic copies"—and on the falling off of pupils in numbers and frequency of attendance, conclude this paper, to which we have thought it right that the *Literary Gazette* should direct particular consideration.

DEFEAT OF BASE COINING.

We have been favoured with an inspection of a costly and beautiful series of French national medals, presented by the French government to Mr. E. J. Powell, assistant-solicitor to her majesty's Mint, "en témoignage de reconnaissance," as an accompanying letter from the Commission des Monnaies et Médailles states, "pour les soins qu'il a apportés en 1844 et 1845 à la découverte et à la saisie de coins et machines destinés à la contrefaçon des monnaies françaises." It appears that in these years a Spaniard had completed, at considerable expense and ingenuity, a bold design for enriching himself and others by the fabrication of five-franc pieces in debased silver. He had caused to be constructed at Birmingham a powerful press, superior even in many respects to those of the mint, had procured dies to be engraved of the five-franc pieces of Louis XVIII. and of Louis Philippe, and had, moreover, secured some tons of metal for working his machinery. The place of manufacture was intended to be on the neutral ground at Gibraltar, whence the forged coins were to be circulated at Algeria, and along the line of the Pyrenees. The profits to arise from the speculation were estimated at 2000*l.* per week. By indefatigable personal exertions Mr. Powell completely unravelled his proceedings, and ultimately succeeded in arresting and bringing to trial the forger at the moment when he had completed his arrangements, and was about to leave England for Gibraltar. He was captured in the act of striking some of the coins. For this important service the French government, when Mr. Powell had declined receiving from it a pecuniary recompense, presented the case of medals we have had the privilege of examining. The series commences with Francis the First, including the ministers Mazarin and Richelieu, and the familiar faces of the later French monarchs. The collection is, however, most perfect in the more modern medals struck by Louis Philippe; and their variety and beauty puts to shame our own country, which has scarcely a me-

* The election to fill up vacancies among the forty R.A.'s takes place according to law and custom on a particular day fixed for that purpose annually (5th of Nov. 1); for the A.R.A.'s another day.

dal to shew commemorative of our great national events, during a period as rich in incident as our Gallic neighbours' history. It was not always thus with us, nor should it continue to be so. Rich and important as our country is, the spirit of utilitarianism is too rife, and threatens with money-loving narrowness of soul our historic position. It was in our land that Simon achieved so much under the patronage of Cromwell, and produced works of the highest character. To him may be traced that peculiar beauty of texture, the perfection of which we admire in the medal of Mehmet Ali in the series now spoken of. Among modern French medallists the name of Barre stands prominently foremost. His medal of the present royal family is a triumph of design and execution, reminding us in its style of the famous Italian medals, which were broad and painter-like in effect. The foundation of normal schools, the reception of the arts by the sovereign, the establishment of railways, all form subjects for medallie history in the series before us. But there is one that reads as a lesson, and a lesson we may be ashamed to be taught; it is the medal commemorative of the establishment of a committee of protection for the ancient monuments of France. In this the protecting Genius is represented amid a group of altars, capitals, and antiques, as truthfully executed as antiquary could desire; behind is a Roman amphitheatre and a cathedral of the middle ages. When will England shew equal respect for the works of the ancestry whose energetic intelligence have made us what we are? When shall we respect the sacred bequests of our forefathers, the monuments their wealth and taste erected; and which are too frequently subjected to wanton spoliation? In many things we are great, in many others little. While we feel ashamed at the want of a series of equally beautiful national medals with those of France, we cannot help being gratified in common with the gentleman whose merit has earned them, at so handsome an acknowledgment from the neighbour country of his important and liberal services; and we cannot help lamenting that our own government is so far behind her in prompt and courteous appreciation of merit, and of services rendered to the public, whether by foreigners or by natives of the land.

The Great Civil War of the Times of Charles I. and Cromwell. By the Rev. Richd. Cattermole, B.D. With twenty-nine highly-finished Engravings from Drawings by George Cattermole, Esq. 4to, pp. 279. London, Fisher, Son, and Co.; Paris, Mandeville.

A REPRINT in one handsome volume of the work of the brothers Cattermole, in which are finely blended literary and artistic merits of a distinguished order. From Mr. R. Cattermole's pen we have history in a style worthy of it, clear and dignified, and in a feeling not insensible to the sufferings of the unfortunate race of Stuart; whilst from Mr. G. Cattermole's pencil we have a series of illustrations which prove him to be the most gifted squire which the Arts have produced for the service of Chivalry. The death of Lord Northampton is a noble example. In honour to it, we place this notice under its present head.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, December 8th, 1846.
The cold has set in again, and this time without compensations. Generally, on the first appearance of snow, a host of news accompanies the return of

We were sorry to read the other day that Pistrucel, so long engaged on the Waterloo medal, had met with an accident likely still farther to protract the appearance of that production to which he has devoted all his talent.—*Ed. L. G.*

A medal to the ruler of Egypt was previously projected in England, but not by the Government, East India Company, or by the merchants, but by about seventy or eighty individuals. An impression in gold was sent to the Facha, which the committee, we are told, allowed the secretaries to the testimonial to pay for!

the fashionable world to Paris, the theatres exhibit fresh activity, and musicians strive strenuously in their catering; but during this last week we remained quite stationary, and nothing has reached my ears but the report of the musical triumphs raised by M. Berlioz, under the roof of the Opéra-Comique, and the elegant stanzas of a little one act vaudeville presented to the Gymnase by M. Scribe. The future is richer than the present. We are promised for next Friday the *Robert Bruce* of Rossini, that equivocal production to which I have so often drawn your attention; together with a *Lion-Hunt* of M. Alex. Dumas, who has admitted our government to the participation of this marvellous joke. Yes, sir, ministers have attained that pitch of complaisance, I had almost said servility, for the papers who befriend them, that M. Dumas, the editor of the *Presse*, obtained for his passage from Spain to Africa a government vessel specially devoted to his private use. Now it so happens that the celebrated novelist so badly framed his itinerary, that the steamer (or *vapeur*, as we say), had to seek him during a fortnight from port to port along the African shores; and that these useless voyages will cost the budget 12 or 15,000*fr.*—yes, note it well—and this barely three weeks after the inundations of the Loire!

But as a set-off we shall have a superb lion-hunt, a monster hunt, to which the Mulatto Nimrod is invited by the colonists of the Col. de Mouzaia, enthusiastic readers of his *Impressions de Voyage*. "These colonists," says a newspaper, "keep a lion in reserve purposely for M. Dumas. This lion is of becoming stature, of proper growth, and well armed, tooth and nail; an enormous mane falls over his head, his paws rip open an ox at one blow, and he gallops off with a wild boar suspended from his powerful jaw."

These details are calculated to intimidate the most courageous ladies who read the works of M. Dumas; they will in their future dreams behold him suspended, like the aforesaid boar, from the jaws of the Mouzaia lion.

But this is not all. Whilst he is hunting the lion in Africa, M. Dumas will produce, in his theatre of St. Germain, a drama translated from Schiller. If *L'Amour et l'Intrigue* is of equal value with the *Hamlet* produced two months ago at this same theatre, I declare I should prefer the destiny which awaits the Atlas lion to the fate of the two illustrious poets whom M. Dumas undertakes to mutilate after their death, without any regard for their genius, which has been such a source of profit to him. Formerly he robbed, now he translates them. The first method was, indeed, the most loyal and charitable.

A tragedy has been read before Mdlle. Rachel, written by M. Alfred de Musset, and entitled *Frédérionde*. M. de Musset, an agreeable narrator, an amiable but very incorrect and negligent poet, attempts somewhat late a style which scarcely becomes his talents. We will, however, guard against any anticipation of the judgment which the public will doubtless be called upon to pronounce upon his play, destined by him for the Théâtre Français.

Apropos of Mdlle. Rachel, much has been talked about her conversion to Christianity, effected, it was said, by Mad. Recamier, the illustrious friend of M. de Chateaubriand. The Duke de Noailles, candidate for the Academy, was to have been the godfather of this proselyte of a new kind; and he was to have offered her, it was also said, a diamond of 50,000 francs on the day of her baptism. This latter circumstance had given the whole affair a look of probability. However, the matter being sifted, the piece of news was found to be what we vulgarly call *un canard*. People hastened to substitute in its stead another story, which is perhaps not better founded in fact; this is, that Mdlle. Rachel has renewed with M. Veron of the *Constitutionnel* relations which had been broken off be-

* A duck; a false report spread for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the gullible public.

fore, much to the satisfaction of all concerned; and that she hopes, with the aid of M. Duchâtel (the Minister of the Interior), to obtain for this journalist the direction of the Théâtre Français, over which she aspires to rule otherwise than by her talents.

Let us now return to the vaudeville of M. Scribe. It is entitled *La Protégée sans le savoir*. The subject is a young Frenchwoman, who has gone to London with her mother, to follow up a law-suit, upon which depends all their fortune. They lose the suit, and the mother dies of grief, leaving her daughter in penury. But a young lord, Lord Albert Clavering, has followed with an attentive eye the last events of the sad drama; he feels in the poor Helen a deep interest, and as he well knows she would decline all direct offers of assistance, he sends her a picture-dealer, who buys up at high prices, paying for them in ready money, all that the young girl, a most inexperienced artist, can produce in the way of paintings and drawings—good or bad.

Thanks to this charitable stratagem, he is enabled by degrees to procure for his *protégée* an independent existence, and a small fortune; albeit, she knows not how much she is indebted to him, and sincerely believes she has been successful in her exertions. She entertains very tender feelings for Lord Clavering, who himself, without being well aware of it, has fallen in love with her; in all honour, of course.

The arrival in London of an old friend of Helen's, of the man who gave her formerly the first lessons of drawing, dispels the illusions of the poor child. Surprised at the price given for her paintings, the honest artist makes inquiries, observes closely, and ends by discovering the whole truth. At first he suspects Helen of some culpable connivance with Lord Clavering, but she justifies herself victoriously by shewing him their correspondence, and the old painter sees there is a danger to avoid, no fault to repair. He accordingly persuades Helen to accept the honourable proposals of M. Crosby—the picture-dealer before mentioned—who wishes to marry the young Frenchwoman. He also enjoins her to discard entirely Lord Clavering, who is, he tells her, on the eve of marrying Lady Arabella Dunbar, daughter of a Secretary of State.

Lady Arabella, however, prefers to Lord Clavering a dandy of the worst sort, Lord Primrose Tressillian, and Lord Clavering is not much smitten with Lady Arabella, whom he has, nevertheless, promised to make his wife. This marriage accordingly, seems at first sight easy to break off. But here comes Lord Dunbar, who, ruined by improper speculations, is compelled to resign his ministerial post, and to quit England suddenly. Before his departure he leaves his daughter under the safeguard of the man whom he has selected for his son-in-law. Here, then, is Lord Clavering compelled by a point of honour to marry a woman he does not love, and to abandon the amiable Helen, who, indeed, is the very first to induce him to follow in this affair the impulse of his scrupulous delicacy. In fine, all would be going wrong if Lord Primrose Tressillian, by opportunely running away with Lady Arabella, did not restore the two lovers to liberty; liberty which they turn immediately to account by marrying there and then, *hic et nunc, nunc, con.*

This vaudeville, the canvass of which is slender enough, but which is full of charming details, cost only four days' work to the prolific author, so I have been assured by a friend of his. Mdlle. Rose Cheri and M. Bressant (Helen and Lord Clavering) played it to perfection, and drew thunders of applause. I remarked in it a few errors in point of local accuracy. Lord Clavering, invited by Miss Helen to dinner, accepts, saying, "I will come at six, after the sitting of parliament." But the number of spectators is very limited who are initiated into your parliamentary usages.

The warmest admirers of M. Berlioz say that his new symphony (*La Damnation de Faust*) adds

nothing to the author's reputation. This is a pity, for his titles to admiration (*Harold, La Symphonie fantastique, Romeo and Juliet, &c.*) are in want of some confirmatory assistance. However, we are ready to aver that, in the midst of a host of dark inspirations, of tormented melodies, of laboured efforts, the tendency or the result of which are not clearly appreciated, M. Berlioz, in this last work, has struck out, here and there, some remarkable passages. The recitations sung by *Faust* are in pretty good style, which recalls to mind Gluck and the old masters. The manner in which M. Berlioz has instrumented a theme popular in Hungary (where it is known as the March of Ra Koczy) has, as it were, converted it into an original work, much applauded and *encored*. The Hymn of the Easter Festival, which interrupts the melancholy reveries of the misanthropical philosopher, is full of religious unctiousness; and one symphonic passage which serves as a transition between a drinking-scene and a chorus of sylphides lulling *Faust* to sleep under the fresh covering of a bower on the banks of the Elba, obtained the suffrage of real connoisseurs. Beyond these points, the original matter reckons as naught; it contains so many incomprehensible eccentricities, inflated nonsense, useless tumult, and ideas that are not carried out. It may be, as some people imagine, that M. Berlioz bears the stamp of a great master; but his qualities will never be turned to good account by the very small number of erudite people for whom nothing is too eccentric, too obscure, too shocking. For the public in general the music of M. Berlioz is a sealed letter: his last symphony puts the matter beyond a doubt.

[From our occasional Correspondent.]

Paris, Dec. 8th, 1846.

SOME few weeks ago M. P. Chasles, the learned commentator on our principal authors, and perhaps the best read man of all France in English literature, commenced a series of articles in the *Journal des Débats*, the object of which was to prove that Shakespeare had made many wholesale quotations, or rather many most impudent plagiarisms, from old Montaigne. Such a charge against our great poet was naturally received with unbounded incredulity by all his countrymen who read it. I myself proposed to denounce it to you with indignation; but having great respect for M. Chasles, I deemed it prudent to wait to see how he would make out his case. How do you think he has done so? By merely quoting a passage from the *Tempest* in which one of the personages describes his notions of a Utopian government, such passage being taken almost literally from Montaigne! This, it cannot be denied, is a marvellously slight foundation whereon to build the grave accusation of wholesale plagiarism against the greatest poet that ever lived. And even that very passage (as a writer in the *Revue Britannique* justly remarks) Shakespeare made his own by turning it into a dialogue, in the course of which volumes were expressed in a few words, and in which M. Chasles himself states, there is one exclamation so sharp, so full of profound truth, as not to be exceeded by any thing in Aristophanes. M. Chasles may, however, urge that, his series of articles not being completed, it is too soon to condemn him; but surely if he had other proofs of Shakespeare's plagiarisms to bring forward, he would have cited them before this. On reflection, I doubt not that he will feel that he has made assertions so sweep-

ing that they cannot be maintained; and that in consequence he will, as becomes a man of such unquestionable talent, retract them with the same seriousness as he advanced them. In fact, he is in an awkward position altogether; for the very quotation that he makes from the *Tempest* to shew Shakespeare's obligations to old Montaigne, contains no new discovery; Shakespeare's commentators having discovered it long ago. The *Revue Britannique* remarks this, adding that Payne Collier accuses one of the commentators (Malone) of having altered Montaigne, in order to make Shakespeare's little plagiarism appear more striking. As to the marvellous change which M. Chasles ascribed as taking place in Shakespeare's genius, in consequence of his perusal of Montaigne, it is most assuredly a piece of great extravagance. He, in truth, insists upon nothing less than that, in all probability, the sublimest of Shakespeare's works would never have been written if he had not read and studied the quaint old Frenchman! Before he read Montaigne Shakespeare was a great poet undoubtedly; but it was not until he drank at the Frenchman's fountain that his genius took its noblest flights! It was not until the old man's teaching had led him to cast off his English slough, that he became capable of those majestic creations which will live as long as the heavens shall endure! It was not until French light had dawned upon his benighted mind that he was enabled to sing in strains so touching, so beautiful, so terrible, so sublime! So says M. Chasles. But oh, M. Chasles, though such assertions may tickle your national pride, they are really too extravagant to obtain the slightest respect; and it is to be regretted that they should have been traced by such a learned pen as yours, and allowed a place in such a journal as the *Débats*.

The learned Dr. Thirlwall's learned *History of Greece* is to be entirely translated into French. One volume of it has already appeared. A work more deserving of the honour of translation could not possibly be selected. It will no doubt obtain the same great success here as it can boast of in England and in Germany.

I rejoice to perceive that Parisian publishers are beginning seriously to turn their attention to our literature, which has been too long neglected. It is a rich mine for them to work in. History, law, divinity, medicine, romance, poesy,—every branch of science presents vast treasures to their enterprise. By taking our literature in hand, they can put money in their purses, and at the same time confer an immense obligation on their country. For our literature is superior to that of France. In every department thereof we can boast of greater works than any it can shew—we can cite authors more glorious than any it can name.

A tremendous hubbub has been created by the stupid invention of a stupid writer in a very stupid newspaper, to the effect that Mlle. Rachel, the play-acting young lady of the Théâtre Français, was about to abandon the faith of her fathers and the God of Israel, for the faith of Christ and the God of Christians. There is not one single word of truth in the story, as Rachel herself avers in a letter to the newspapers. In this letter the actress complains very justly of statements relative to her religious faith being published, that being a matter with which the public have nothing on earth to do. It is much to be desired that scribblers in French periodicals would commit to memory the lesson that Rachel gives them, and shew by their practice that they have profited by it. They meddle far too much in the private doings of public people, and of people who have the vanity to think themselves public personages. At times their interference may be agreeable to some of the folk they scribble about; but as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they make the said folk supremely ridiculous, one would think the folk would much prefer not being meddled with at all. To the public, at all events, it is a most tremendous nuisance to be dosed with columns

upon columns of twaddle about the private sayings and doings of the people who minister to their instruction or amusement.

In a case recently before one of the law courts, it was shewn that the celebrated Alexandre Dumas received fifteen sous a line (about seven pence halfpenny) for a romance written for the *Patrie*, one of the daily newspapers. The great man, it appears, had engaged to contribute a romance of 26,000 lines, but only supplied about 17,000 lines, though he received payment for the whole. It was to get back the amount that he had pocketed, above what he was entitled to, that he was dragged before the court. Payment by the line for romances is unknown in England; but it is common enough in this country, especially among the most popular authors.

The newspapers say that there are 1,302,620 engravings in the *Bibliothèque Royale*; and that as the number is continually increasing, new edifices have to be erected for their accommodation.

The French parliament allows between 15,000*l.* and 20,000*l.* per annum to the Minister of Public Instruction, for the encouragement of literary men, especially of such as may be in need of assistance. The British parliament, for the encouragement of literary men, gives—nothing. The French parliament gives every year between 120,000*l.* and 160,000*l.* for the purchase of pictures, and encouragement to artists, actors, actresses, &c. The British parliament, as an encouragement to artists and actors, gives—nothing. Honour, then, to the British parliament! In France there is a host of places of librarians, directors of museums, and such like, for the acceptance of meritorious authors and men of science. In England meritorious authors are allowed to starve, for any thing the government cares; and learned men of science bless their stars if they can get a place of hard work for thirty shillings a week. All honour, then, to England! She and her parliament only know how to treat the fellows who blot paper, daub canvass, act plays, and pore over science.

A subscription is being raised for the erection of a monument to William the Conqueror at Falaise in Normandy, his birthplace. The Duc de Bordeaux has recently sent 500 francs to it. A little while ago was published a work proving that every royal house of Europe actually existing, is descended from the descendants of the grim conqueror of our Saxon ancestors. The proof is said to be clear as the sun at noon-day; but it is a pity, if he desires to be believed, that the author did not make one exception against the present royal house of Sweden and Norway.

De Balzac has just completed in the *Constitutionnel* the publication of the greater part of a new romance entitled *Les Parents Pauvres*. It is one of the most remarkable productions of this very prolific author; and that is saying a great deal. The characters are drawn with a force and vigour which excites a warm admiration; but they are utterly detestable, and the scenes in which they are made to act one of gross immorality. Balzac is almost universally accused of pandering to vice in his romances; for his prominent characters are always vicious and always brilliant; his most striking scenes always scandalously immoral, but always irresistibly fascinating. He denies that his works, if rightly read and rightly understood, are vicious in their effects. But the denial will avail him not; for when vice is made to charm, and vicious people to dazzle, harm must needs be done, especially among the young and the inexperienced. After all, however, the mission of the romance-writer is not to teach but to amuse; if he can amuse and teach, well and good; but amuse he must. If, as some of Balzac's critics lay down, his works have no other object than to hold, as it were, "the mirror up to nature,"—to shew French society, and Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen, as they really are in this first half of the nineteenth century, it must be confessed that he has succeeded admirably. It may be confessed, too, that the entire

Receiving our foreign letters as late in the week as time for printing will allow (so that we may enjoy the latest intelligence), it did not occur to us till after our last publication, that the correspondence between Rubens and Sir Dudley Carleton, referred to by our excellent correspondent, had actually appeared in the *Literary Gazette* itself little more than two years ago. In our No. 1411, Aug. 31st, 1844, the whole will be found; pp. 563-4 (together with other matter full of interest to the fine arts) quoted in our Review of Mr. W. H. Carpenter's *Pictorial Notices of Rembrandt*, a work of great merit in every respect, and full of various information. No doubt this is the material recently revived, without any acknowledgment in France.—Ed. J. G.

collection of his works may merit the ambitious title he has given of *Comedy of Human Life*, provided it be understood that the life described is merely *French* life. And what a life it is! What scheming, artful, vicious men—what false, worthless, abandoned women,—what glare and glitter, what atrocious immorality, what audacious vice! How even what seems good is empty, hollow, rotten to the very core! How virtue is humiliated—how guilt is exalted! How female purity is laughed at, how virgin innocence is made a thing of traffic, how beauty is prostituted for money, how the marriage vow is scandalously outraged! Oh! it is a sad picture altogether—sad, very sad! Nay, it is more than sad, it is hideous, it is revolting! Though, perhaps, outwardly fair to the eye, it wrings, when we examine it, the very soul, and waxes a cry of bitter pain from the heart.

Eugene Sue has recommended his *Memoirs of a Valet-de-Chambre* in the *Constitutionnel*. They remained unfinished for a long time, owing, it is said, to the proprietors of the paper objecting to certain scenes of brutal and filthy licentiousness which they contained. The proprietors are really over nice. After the horribly nauseous obscenity with which they have permitted M. Sue to regale their readers, they might have felt perfectly assured that hardly any thing could be too gross for them. If my memory does not deceive me, I once expressed a favourable opinion of this work as far as could be judged from a few of the first chapters; but now I have no hesitation in saying that it is a miserable failure altogether. Its author seems to labour under the delusion that if he wallows in filth it is not necessary to have talent.

GERMANY.

[From our Correspondent.]

A NEW work, entitled *Sybilie*, an *Autobiography*, from the pen of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, has just appeared.

A picture, painted last year for the Carnival Society at Dusseldorf, was laid under an embargo by the authorities, on account of some wagish allusion to the Prussian laws which was to be found therein. After repeated demands from the painter to have his picture returned to him, it has finally been determined that his work may be given up to him, on condition that he complies with the following decision: either the parts in question, which are to be pointed out to him in a personal interview by one deputed by the government, are to be effaced, or he is not to apply his picture to any public use.

The institution for the execution of paintings on glass, founded by the present King of Bavaria, has, as is well known, already produced very many grand and masterly works. For every department the most skillful artists are put in requisition. Four large windows, intended by his majesty as a present to the cathedral of Cologne, are now in progress; or rather we should say that one of the four is finished, and the others advancing rapidly towards completion. It is expected that this beautiful work will be exhibited before being sent to the place of its destination.

I mentioned some time ago that the poet Geibel had, during his stay at Dresden, completed a poem which attracted much attention. While there, he was, it seems, also occupied with the text for an opera, now ready, called *Loreley*; which Mendelssohn-Bartholdy is to set to music.

The "Pyrenean singers" have been giving, with much success, repeated concerts in several towns in the south of Germany. Their language, the Basque, is admirably adapted for song; their national airs are wild, and abound in those peculiar intonations which are almost, if not always, sure to be found in the melodies of mountaineers. The *March Home-ward of the Mountaineers at Midnight* bore more, perhaps, than any other of their songs the impress of its origin. The eight singers slowly march as on a winding-path, one behind the other, while chanting the air; you hear their voices low and

faint among the rocks, and now they burst forth again in a loud and powerful chorus. There is no "polish" or rather "finish" in their song; they are rather what the Germans very expressively term *Natur-sänger*—men who, gifted by nature with fine voices, are guided only in these spontaneous effusions of the heart by natural feelings, and by an exquisitely fine ear. As they are travelling northward, we do not doubt that they will before long make their appearance in London. Talking of concerts reminds us of an anecdote we heard the other day, and which is too good not to be repeated. It is a Vienna criticism. A good burgher, when walking out with his young family, observed to an acquaintance, "Look at that child! A wonderful boy that! Quite a wonder, I tell you; a real prodigy!" On the other requesting to be informed in what the marvel consisted, the former replied, "Why, he is already two years old, and as yet plays upon no instrument whatever!"

SPAIN.

Madrid, Dec. 2.

In Spain, as in England and in France, the glory of what is called the "legitimate drama" seems to have entirely departed; for in Spain, as in England and in France, the works of the great authors of old are represented very rarely; and then only to cold, indifferent, and unsympathising audiences. In fact, Lope de Vega, Moreto, Tirso, and Calderon are represented less frequently to the public of Madrid than is Shakspeare to the public of London. "Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true;" for either of these glorious old fellows is worth a whole hundred of the poetasters of the present day; and the worst of their works is worth a hundred thousand of the heavy sentimental, or offensively immoral, or enormously stupid translations of French pieces, with which our managers delight to deluge the public.

As an exception to the general neglect of Spain's greatest dramatists, we had a little while ago the opportunity of witnessing Lope de Vega's *Lo cierto por lo dudoso ó la mujer firme* at the Teatro del Principe, for the benefit of a popular actor. The play attracted a large attendance of literary men, and of the admirers of the great writer, as well as of the *beau monde*. It was cleverly performed, and received with great applause. From its success, we were in hopes of seeing the whole set of Lope de Vega's pieces gone through, as well as those of his fellows in renown; but it appears that the hope is doomed to be disappointed.

In justice to the Madrid managers, it should be stated, that though like their brethren of England they leave the old writers to slumber in peace, they are more ready to lend a helping hand to living authors than the managers of our own country. They are continually bringing out new pieces, some of them with great pretensions, and not unfrequently pitching upon one that really possesses merit. One of their latest productions is a five-act drama called *Los dos Foscari*, of which the newspapers speak very highly.

The people of this city seem fond of the theatre; and the Queen, the royal family, and the aristocracy patronise liberally theatrical amusements. The principal establishments are the Circo, the Cruz, the Principe, the Museo, and the Instituto. Between them they represent opera, ballet, drama, tragedy, vaudevilles, and farce; besides other entertainments of a more vulgar kind. On some occasions the performances commence at four o'clock, and again at eight.

In literature Madrid has not much to boast of; very few works are published, and those that are are of no great merit. One of the most important that has attracted my attention is a *History of Spain*, preceded by an introduction from the pen of Martinez de la Rosa, Spanish Ambassador at Paris, and author of some very pretty verses. Greater part of this history, if I mistake not, is translated from the English. The newspapers, like those of France, devote part of their space to tales and romances; but they do not give original works,

contenting themselves with translations of what they find in Parisian journals. Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas appear to be their favourite authors.

BIOGRAPHY.

In Charles-street, Clarendon-square, Somers-town, died, at a very advanced age, on Monday week, Mrs. Agnes Hall, a literary veteran, who for very many years devoted her talent to almost every species of composition, and reaped the customary reward—a bare existence, filled with difficulties and troubles. Mrs. Hall was of a good old Border family, and the widow of Dr. Hall, of Jedburgh. After coming to London and commencing the pursuit of literature, she was a constant contributor to the *Old Monthly Magazine*, then the property of Sir Richard Phillips; and also of scientific articles for cyclopedias,—such as Nicholson's Gregory's, and others of that period—the whole amounting to an immense mass, which was in later days augmented by translations from foreign works, for *Fraser's Magazine*, and many other periodicals, to which access was attainable; some occupation on the *Westminster Review*, when under Mr. Mill; and since his time in short critical notices, and similar matters in some of Knight's popular publications. With the names of many novels which she gave to the world anonymously we are not acquainted; but we can truly affirm that all were such as goodness and virtue must most cordially approve, and all displayed a degree of agreeable fancy and talent which were honourable to productions of that class, when certainly works of fiction did not belong to so high a range of literary excellence as some of them have since attained. Mrs. Hall has left one only daughter, "amid," as she has written to us, from beside the lone coffin of her departed parent, "all the stern realities of this cold world of ours, with none to bear me company save a portrait of poor Canon Riego, our oldest neighbour and friend, and which, to my disordered brain, seems almost instinct with life." A touching picture from a midnight bed of death. We believe the dear old lady has left (as from such a course of existence it was likely she should) a number of manuscripts, of which several might merit selection for the public. We remember having seen and liked much a memoir of Lord Kames, and also *Remarks on the Character of the Scottish Peasantry*, quite worthy of being generally read; and we heartily wish they could, and other pieces like them, if any, be made available in the way of provision for her desolate offspring.

[We had on Tuesday written these lines and sent them to the printer, and in the evening we received the following from an esteemed correspondent. It is a sad coincidence, and we might well say, "Death's shafts fly thick."]

The late Canon Riego.—The funeral of this venerable and amiable man took place at the Catholic chapel in Moorfields, on Monday last, at 12 o'clock, and his remains were deposited in the vault near those of his sister-in-law, Madame Riego, widow of the General Riego. The funeral ceremony was attended by his Excellency Don Manuel Moreno, Buenos Ayres' Minister, as chief mourner, and by Lord Nugent, Dr. Bowring, Sir F. W. Myers, Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, his Excellency the Peruvian Minister, Capt. Wormeley, R.N., Mr. Eneas Macdonnell, Mr. Lopez, and other old and attached friends of the canon. Enthusiastic devotion to the memory of his illustrious brother became his ruling passion and support during the twenty-three years he survived him.

Of individuals nearly connected with authors of celebrity, there have recently been sad bereavements. Mrs. Hood, the widow of the lamented Thomas Hood, has not long survived her husband. She died on Friday the 4th, and with her, we fear, died the small government pension, continued to her on the demise of her cherished com-

nion. Their only son and daughter are now orphans: we trust not to be left so, if possible, without the kind consideration, for yet a few years of their youth, of the powers that be, and a merciful representation of their condition to her Majesty. Mrs. Hood was the sister of Mr. J. Hamilton Reynolds, a not unequal coadjutor with his brother-in-law in many of those playful and humorous productions which contributed to his popular fame; the author of several of Mathews' best Entertainments, and a writer (of late debarred from the full and continued exercise of his successful pen by an indifferent state of health), from whom, whenever the mood is upon him, and he is pleased to indulge in it, the public might be gratified with a continuance of such Papers of sterling talent as those with which he has heretofore enriched the periodical press.

Mrs. Barker, the widow of the Old Sailor, died on Monday last, after only three days' illness, aged fifty-two.

Captain Gore, the husband of Mrs. Gore, died about a fortnight ago at Brussels, where he had resided for a considerable time in such a state of weakness as to render his removal less a subject of regret than it would have been under other and more auspicious circumstances.

Mr. John Scanlan, for a number of years creditably connected with the newspaper press, died a few days ago, at the premature age of forty-five.

On the 3d instant, at his residence in Orchard Street, Poole, aged 39, died Mr. John Sydenham, jun. Mr. Sydenham had been for some years connected with the public press, and more recently as editor of the *Poole and Dorsetshire Herald*. Possessed of a refined mind, rich powers of description, and a matured judgment, he had done much for the advancement of archaeological science, particularly in illustrating the early history of his native county. That he possessed the proper qualifications for the task, his essay published in vol. xxx. of the *Archæologia* would alone demonstrate. His disposition was kind and gentle; and he was sincere and warmhearted in his friendships. His loss will be felt by many; but especially by those few friends who were associated with him in those researches which employed his leisure, and contributed to check the progress of a disease which prematurely broke down a constitution in physical weakness strikingly contrasted with its mental energy.

The somewhat eccentric Daniel French, Esq., barrister-at-law, and author of many pamphlets, and other writings, died at Hammersmith on the 7th, aged 72.

Mr. William Newman, the great medical herb-grower at Mitcham, so well known to the faculty and botanists for his very extensive culture of plants belonging to the pharmacopœia, as well as of rarer specimens, was accidentally killed on Tuesday week whilst out shooting on his grounds.

Admiral von Krusenstern.—News has lately been received of the death of Admiral von Krusenstern, the celebrated Russian circumnavigator, at an advanced age, after a lingering illness of fifteen months: he was interred, by order of the Emperor, by the side of Admiral Greig, in the cathedral at Ural; a distinction which has not been accorded for many years past. It is intended to erect a monument to his distinguished life and services: we think that a subscription in this country would meet with the sanction and support of the many scientific and naval men, to whom his distinguished talents and achievements have been so long familiar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Yes—still there's a duty on earth to perform,
Though hearts may have suffer'd till life appears lone;
There are feelings, affection should ever keep warm:
Making other hearts happy should gladden our own.

'Tis a feeling the nearest to virtue allied,
To subdue misfortune wherever 'tis seen;
And though life may have left little pleasure beside,
Making other hearts happy should gladden our own.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Warner's Long Range.—We are informed, on authority upon which we can rely, that the recent experiments with regard to the *Long Range* were attended by rather curious circumstances. It is stated to us that Capt. Warner made the whole affair so mysterious that he even insisted on Col. Dundas, R.A., and the rest of the party assuming false names, in order that the public might not guess for what they had come to the country. The site was selected on which the *Long Range* was to operate; and the means were a *Balloon charged with unknown combustibles*! The Balloon became obstreperous, and instead of going to the right, as was intended, went to the left, and dropped in a town, where it was seized by the police and brought to the mayor, who was wonderfully posed upon finding it to contain combustibles. He ascribed to those who claimed it an intention of burning down the town; and matters went to a considerable and ludicrous length before the business was finally explained and the machine given up. The failure was complete, and the *on dit* is, that Lord Ingestrie has admitted the projector's bond upon it.

The Parliament Almanack for 1847, on a broadside, is acknowledged as a well arranged and apparently correct list of both houses, and of the principal Government offices.

M. Michelet.—It is now stated that the M. Michelet, whose death has been reported in all the newspapers, was the father of the author, and not himself.

Human Fossil Geology.—Mr. Lyell, in a letter to the *Times*, gives a particular description of the place where the bone of a human pelvis is stated to have been found near Natchez, in America; the gist of which goes to repudiate the discovery as a foundation for geological science to rest upon, and ascribes the fact to an accidental deposit from superior strata on the banks of the ravine, among the debris at the bottom of which the fossil bone was declared to have been deposited.

Maize Bread.—M. de Lapanne writes to the Académie des Sciences, that if the oil which maize flour contains be previously extracted from it, the flour of maize may be more advantageously used in baking, either alone, or mixed with wheaten flour.

The Arctic Ices, according to the accounts brought by the last whalers, have this season abounded in greater bodies than usual; and none of them have brought any intelligence of the expedition under Sir John Franklin and Capt. Crozier, from whom, however, we trust soon to hear.

Statistics of Bookselling.—In Ireland there are 74 towns, each with a minimum of 2500 inhabitants (census 1841) not one of which contains a bookseller. Scotland, with a third of the population, has three times the number of booksellers, being in the proportion of 9 to 1. The 74 towns without one "of the trade" include the following: Dungarvan, 12,382; Carrick-on-Suir, 11,049; Youghal, 9939; Carrickfergus, 9379; Cashel, 8027; Newtownards, 7621; Lisburn, 7524; Kinsale, 6918. More remarkable still, there are six counties which cannot boast of even one bookseller, or a single circulating library, and we shall name them: 1, Donegal; 2, Kildare; 3, Leitrim; 4, Queen's; 5, Westmeath; 6, Wicklow. These may be considered strange, but most assuredly they are very startling facts.—*Correspondent.*

Expedition to South America.—The French Government are about to send an expedition to the river Amazon, under the command of M. de Montravél. Instructions in regard to botanical research have been drawn up by M. Brongniart, and the zoological by M. Valenciennes. It is expected that M. de Montravél will have with him men conversant with every branch of science.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Dec. 7th, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I see in your last *Gazette* of Saturday the 5th inst. an article headed *A New Niagara*.

This article has gone the round of the papers, the cataract in question being every where called, "A new Geographical Discovery." It appeared originally, I believe, in an American paper. Now either the American editor must be woefully ignorant of what is at his own door, or must be sadly off for matter to give us old things for new. This new Niagara is no other than the well known cataract of Kakabikka about 150 feet broad, and 130 feet high; an engraving and description of which are given in Long's *Narrative of an Expedition to the source of the St. Peter's River*, &c., published twenty years ago.—I am, &c.,

Sec. R.G.S.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.

67 We have again to request our friends and subscribers to lose no time in making up their volumes of the *Literary Gazette* (enlarged Series, of which the present is the 50th No.) for the year 1846, by procuring any back numbers in which they may be deficient. We have also to solicit the favour of early orders, through all respectable publishers, booksellers, and newsvendors, from those who purpose to commence the year 1847 with this journal.

* In common with every literary person conversant with the upper classes of society in London, where talent has found a welcome, and intellectual attainments been prized, we deeply deplore the lamentable frailty which has led to an individual exposure of the severest kind, for derelictions connected with the library of the Athenæum club. Grievous as the offence has been, we could have wished, in mercy to poor human nature, and to the recollections of better times, that the retribution had been less publicly vindictive. Unanimous expulsion is a terrible sentence; we thank our correspondent for the statement sent to us, but have no heart to disseminate particulars so painful a fall.

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